

★ THE CADET ★ CHAMELEON



# TARGET COMICS

May

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G  
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SPEC SURE  
MUST BE  
IN LOVE  
!!!



VOL. 5 NO. 1

MILT HAMMER





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Gang:

We're sure you're all saving paper, waste fats, scrap and buying all the War Bonds you can, so this month we are going to use all our space to publish letters from some of you and send you one more dollar's worth of War Stamps for your collection. Readers, don't forget to write the Editor whenever you have any ideas for TARGET and perhaps you'll be one of the lucky ones to receive those War Stamps, too.

THE EDITOR.

Dear Editors:

I read Speck, Spot and Sis in the last issue of TARGET COMICS and thought it was wonderful and was waiting for the next issue to come out, but when I bought it, I ran through the pages to find that they had been taken out. This strip is my favorite, and I don't think I'll buy this book again if it's not put back in and please don't take out the Cadet. Our new friend Candid Charlie was lots of fun and I hope I can see it in many issues of TARGET. I didn't enjoy 18 Men and A Boat very much.

Sincerely yours,  
Josephine Abraham  
Detroit, Michigan

I hope you bought the February issue, Josephine, 'cause Speck, Spot and Sis are back in to stay.

• • • •

Dear Sirs:

Well, you wanted criticism, and here it is. Why does Kit Carter always seem to be saving an invention or someone from losing a lot of money? Why is it every time the Target and Targeteers get through with a fight, they're not even scratched? The same goes for Bull's Eye Bill.

Now here's a little credit. I think the best of your stories are Speck, Spot and Sis, Candid Charlie, and Dan'l Flannel. You asked about the two-page fiction story in the middle of the book. The kind I would like to see would be the mystery kind that

nobody ever finds the answer to.

I have a brother in the Navy and he thinks TARGET COMICS is great the same as I do. The only criticism he has to offer is, "If the crooks know the Target and his pals wear bullet-proof vests, why don't they shoot at his arms or legs?"

Sincerely, a true reader,  
Wesley Purple  
Greenfield, Mass.

*The Target and Targeteers wear bullet-proof suits. Wesley, and their heads are the only danger points when they have them on.*

• • • •

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the January and February issues of TARGET. My favorites are Cadet, Dan'l Flannel, Speck, Spot and Sis, and the two new features Candid Charlie and 18 Men and A Boat. I have two suggestions to make. First, you could start a club the readers could join; and second, it would be a lot better if you had your heroes fight racketeers instead of Nazis and Japs.

In the January issue Rhoda Zimet said she was never going to buy another issue of TARGET unless it was improved. Well, it doesn't need improving.

Yours truly,  
James Pini  
Somerville, Mass.

*Some of our heroes do fight racketeers. James, and, after all, heroes are*

*fighting the Nazis and Japs all over the world today so OUR heroes like to take a crack at them, too.*

• • • •

Dear Editor:

My name is Norman Huselton. I like Speck, Spot and Sis and the Chameleon best. I wish you would put Speck, Spot and Sis in their own magazine.

I go to Leechburg Public School and our room, consisting of 34 pupils, has gotten \$243.15 in War Stamps. I am a Jr. Commando and we collected 2500 pounds of paper, 500 pounds of scrap metal, and 2000 pounds of tin cans. Though our town is small, it can still yield a lot of scrap, paper, and Victory Garden Tool. I think you should have someone else like Speck, Spot and Sis.

I know you will hardly have time to read my letter, but I hope you have time to read most of it. I want to be a Marine when I grow up. I like Dan'l Flannel and Lt. Commander John Morrill pretty well, too.

Yours for TARGET,  
Norman Huselton  
Leechburg, Pa.

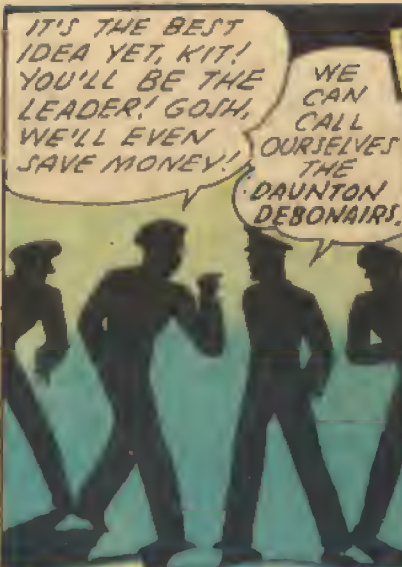
*Well, you are one jump ahead of the waste paper drive, Norman, and keep up the good work — lots more paper is needed. As you can see, we did have time to read your letter, and we read ALL the letters that come to TARGET even though it takes many days.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

# The CADET





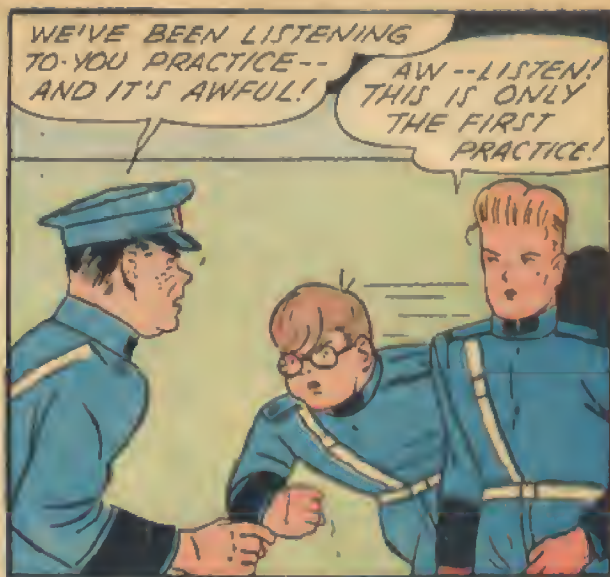






THE BOYS AND I HAVE DECIDED WE DON'T WANT YOU TO PLAY AT THE PROM!

BUT-- WHY?



WE'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU PRACTICE-- AND IT'S AWFUL!

AW--LISTEN! THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST PRACTICE!



TAKE IT EASY, DAN!

I'D LIKE TO BREAK HIS NECK!

NOW LOOK-- THIS IS FAIR WARNING-- YOU DON'T PLAY FOR THE DANCE!

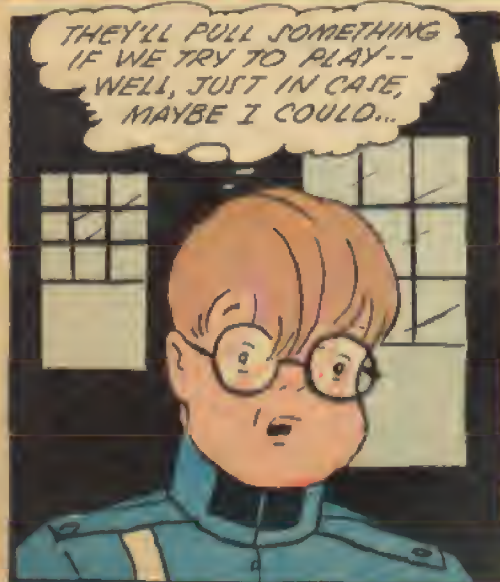


C'MON, BOYS-- THEY KNOW HOW WE FEEL!



AND, WE'LL MAKE SURE THE DAUNTON DEBONAIRS DON'T PLAY-- IF WE HAVE TO!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, SNEEZER?



THEY'LL PULL SOMETHING IF WE TRY TO PLAY-- WELL, JUST IN CASE, MAYBE I COULD...



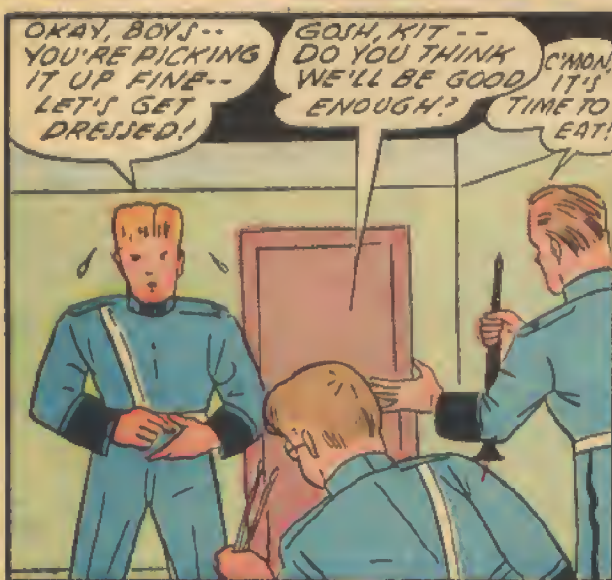
THAT EVENING --

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DAN?



DAD'S PASSING THROUGH ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON! THE COLONEL SAID I COULD MEET HIM AT THE STATION! I'LL BE BACK PRETTY LATE, I GUESS!







MAESTRO KIT CARTER ANNOUNCES THE FIRST NUMBER!

THE DAUNTON DEBONAIRS WILL PLAY "IN THE MOOD".

RAY!

YAY!

BOOO!

O.K., FELLOWS, LET'S SHOW 'EM!

I HOPE...

BUT, IT'S NOT MUSIC THAT COMES FORTH--

HEY-- MY STICK! IT'S FALLEN APART!

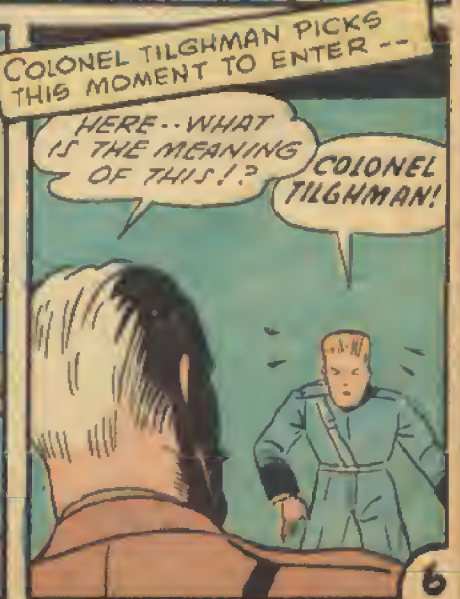
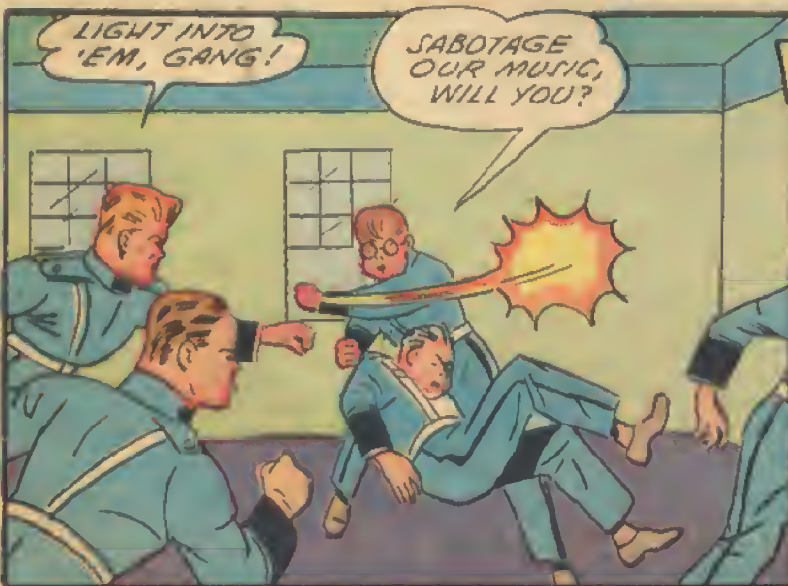
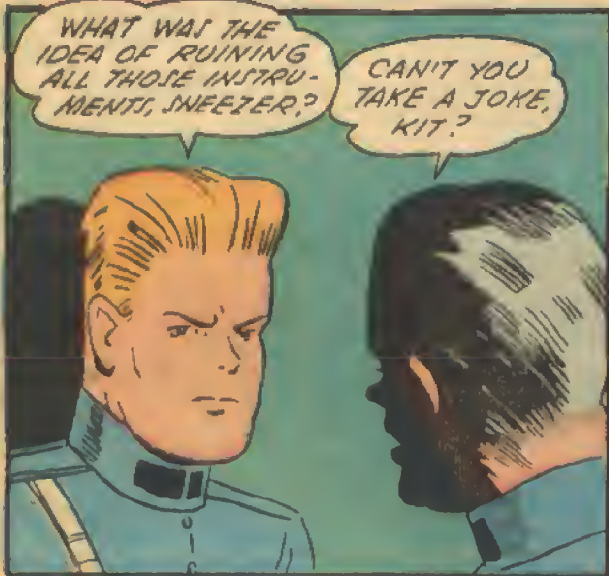
WHAT TH'...

SNEEZER HAS DONE HIS MISCHIEF...

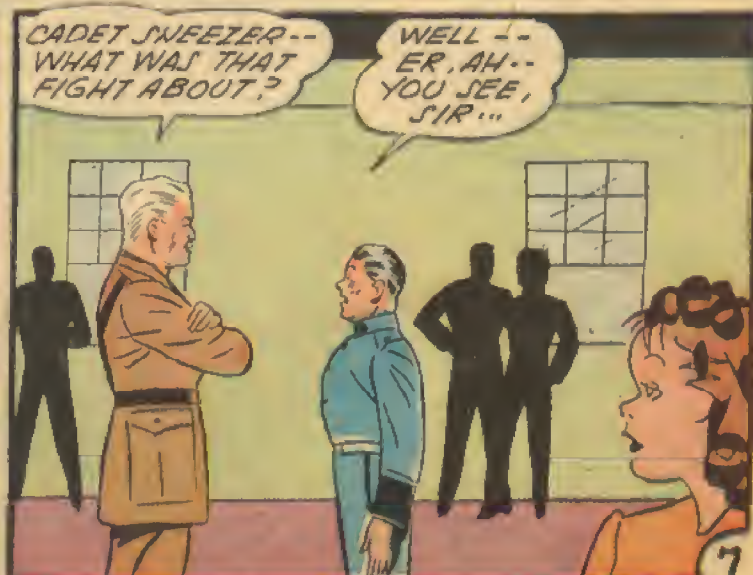
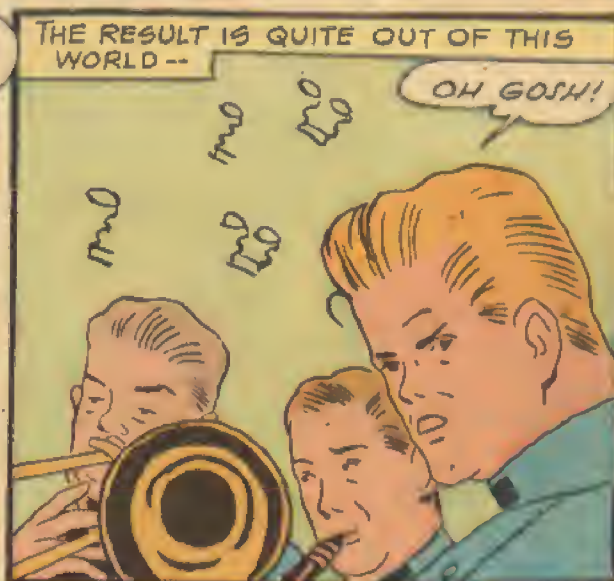
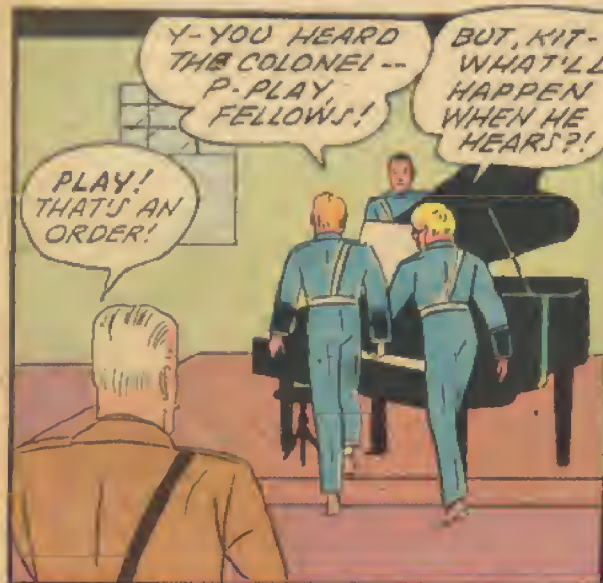
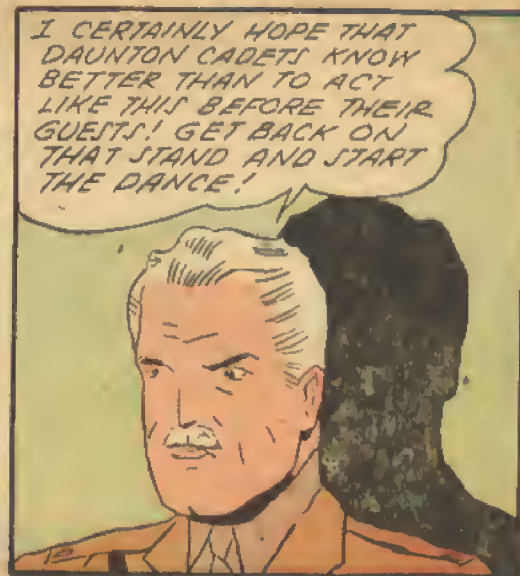
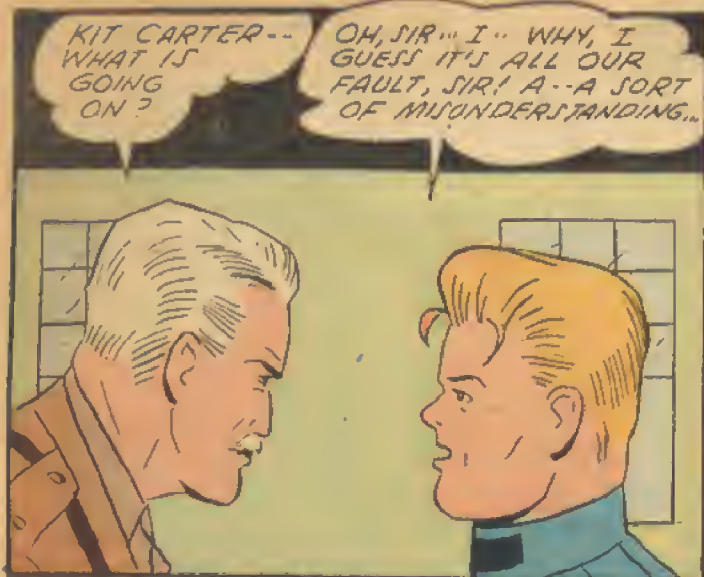
GLUB-- DARN IT!

HOW IN--??



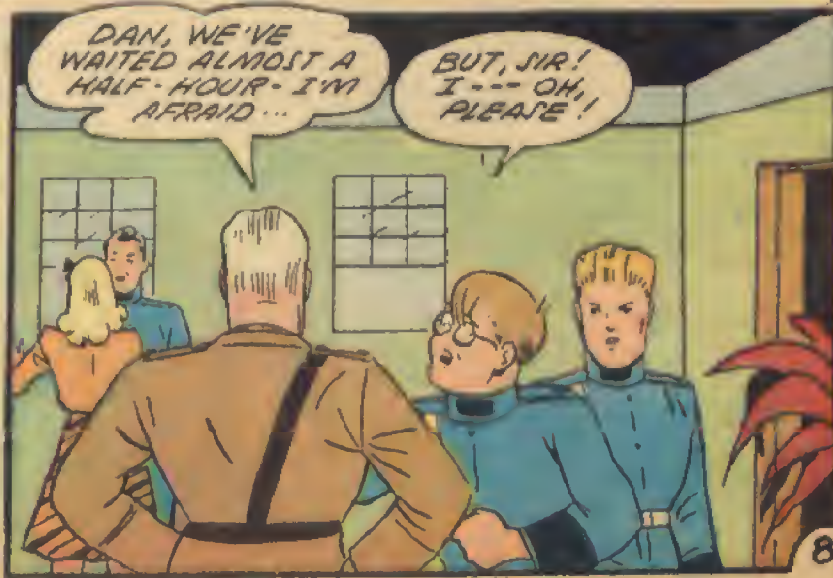
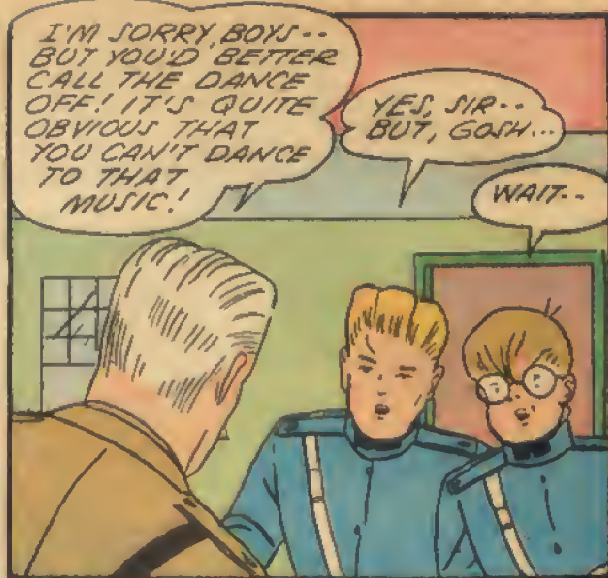
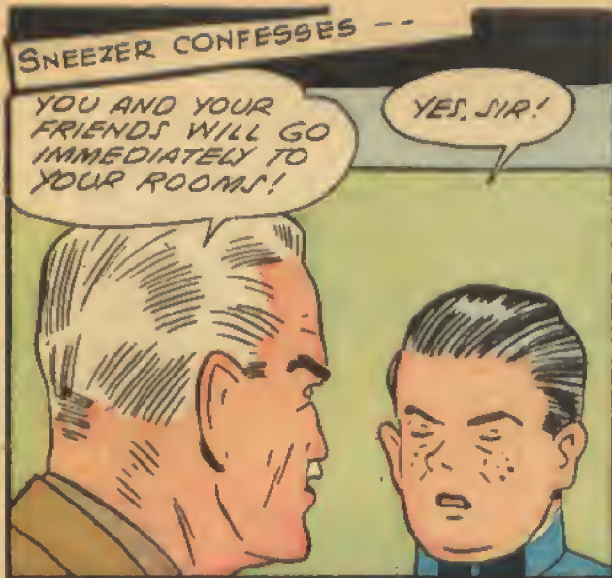




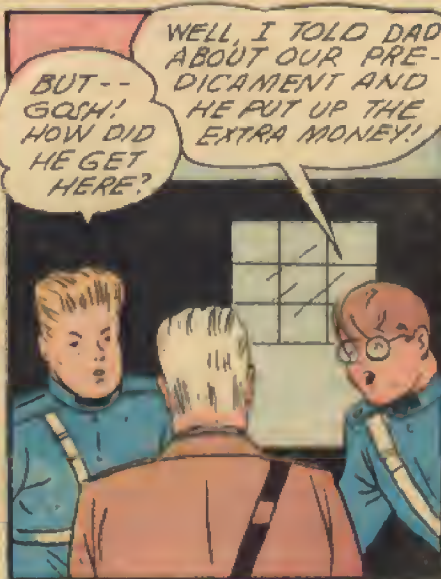
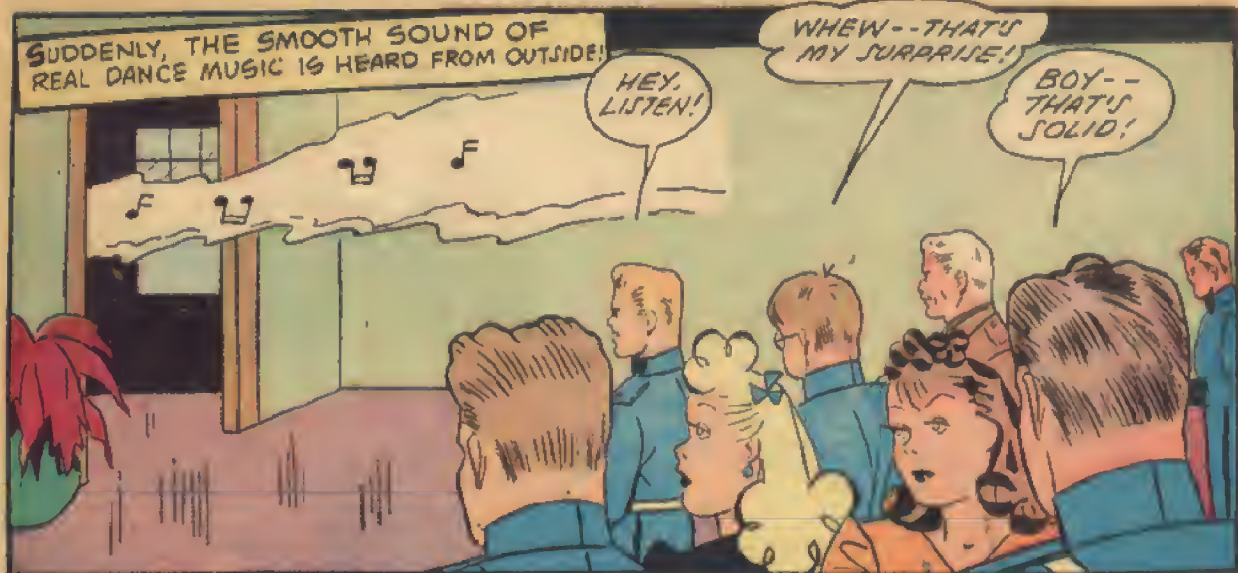




SNEEZER CONFESSES --



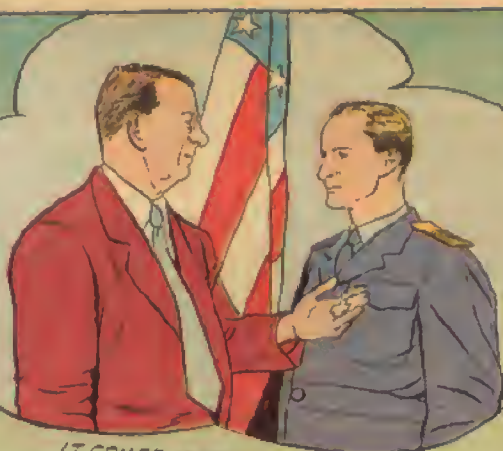






# 18 MEN and a BOAT

BASED ON THE FACTUAL STORY BY LT. COMDR. JOHN MORRILL, U.S.N., AS TOLD TO PETE MARTIN---



LT. COMDR. MORRILL RECEIVING NAVY CROSS FROM NAVY SECRETARY KNOX --



**F**ROM THE FALLEN PHILIPPINES THROUGH ENEMY-HELD WATERS, 18 MEN IN AN OPEN DIESEL BOAT ESCAPE FROM THE JAPANESE. THEIR FLIGHT TAKES THEM FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND, AND AMONG COLORFUL EAST INDIAN SCENES, TO EVENTUAL SAFETY IN AUSTRALIA... BUT ONLY AFTER INCREDIBLE STRUGGLES WITH THE SEA AND CLOSE CALLS WITH THE ENEMY---

**T**HERE IS THE CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF LT. COMDR. MORRILL'S TRUE STORY OF HEROISM IN THE PACIFIC...

TOM  
GILL



**T**HE DIESEL BOAT POUNDS SOUTH THROUGH THE INDIES AT NIGHT, THE BOARDS SHUDDERING WITH EACH CRACKING WAVE --



WE CAN GET INTO THE LEE OF THAT ISLAND, CAPTAIN --

THE CHART SAYS IT'S KOER ISLAND, BINKLEY --



**W**HITE FLAGS GO UP ALONG THE BEACH AND LUGGERS IN THE HARBOR AS THEY NEAR THE ISLAND --



THEY'RE HAULING A JAP FLAG UP ON THAT BIG LUGGER!

THE MEN ON DECK ARE ALL NATIVES --

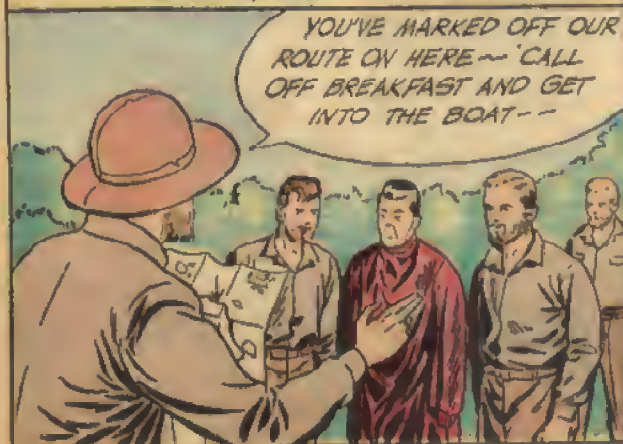
MAYBE THE JAP CAPTAIN IS HIDING BELOW --



**B**UT THE NATIVES ARE ONLY TRYING TO FIND THE RIGHT FLAG! THEY RUN OUT OF THEM AS THE DIESEL BOAT NEARS, AND FLEE FOR THE SHORE --

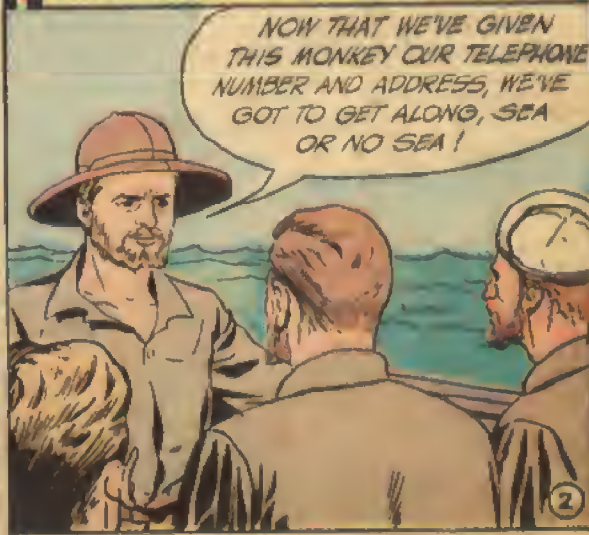


**A** SHORE, SOME OF THE MEN TALK TO THE LOCAL SCHOOL TEACHER, WHO TRACES THEIR COURSE ON A MAP OF THE AREA - THEY BRING HIM OVER TO MORRILL, AND --



YOU'VE MARKED OFF OUR ROUTE ON HERE -- CALL OFF BREAKFAST AND GET INTO THE BOAT --

**T**HE CAPTAIN IS PLENTY MAD!



NOW THAT WE'VE GIVEN THIS MONKEY OUR TELEPHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS, WE'VE GOT TO GET ALONG, SEA OR NO SEA!



WHILE THEY SAIL OUT THE DIRTY WEATHER,  
RICHARDSON HAS A SUGGESTION--

I WHITTLED THIS  
BEARING OUT OF A PIECE  
OF LIGNUM-VITAE DRIFT-  
WOOD. I'D LIKE TO RE-  
PLACE THE STERN-  
TUBE BEARING--

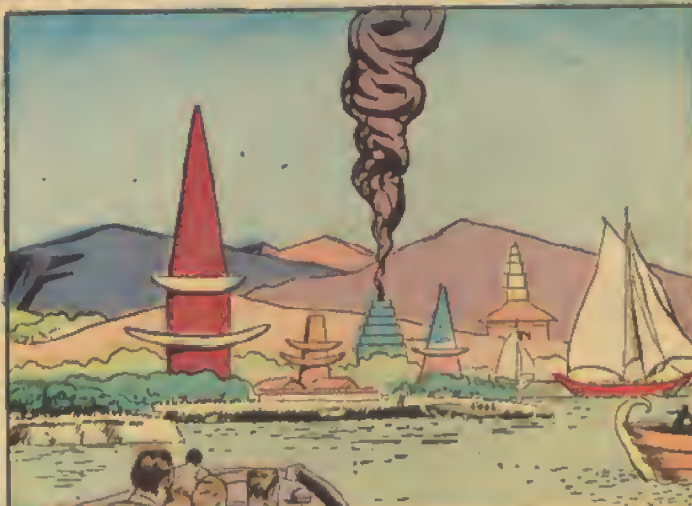
THAT'S A  
PRETTY GOOD  
RUBBER-  
SUBSTITUTE  
YOU'VE  
GOT!



THIS DONE, AND WITH CALMER SEAS, THEY SAIL  
ON. SOMEBODY STRIKES UP A SONG-- AND  
ALTHOUGH THE HOWL OF THE WIND AND THE  
CHUG OF THE ENGINE DROWN THEM OUT, THEY  
TRY TO SHOUT IT DOWN.

DO YOU SEE  
WHAT I SEE,  
CAPTAIN?

THAT'S TAAM,  
A DUTCH EAST IN-  
DIAN TOWN--



AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT GREET'S THEIR EYES--COLOR-  
FUL AND PICTURESQUE, LIKE A TRAVEL FOLDER COVER!

LOOK--  
THEY'RE  
SALAAMING!

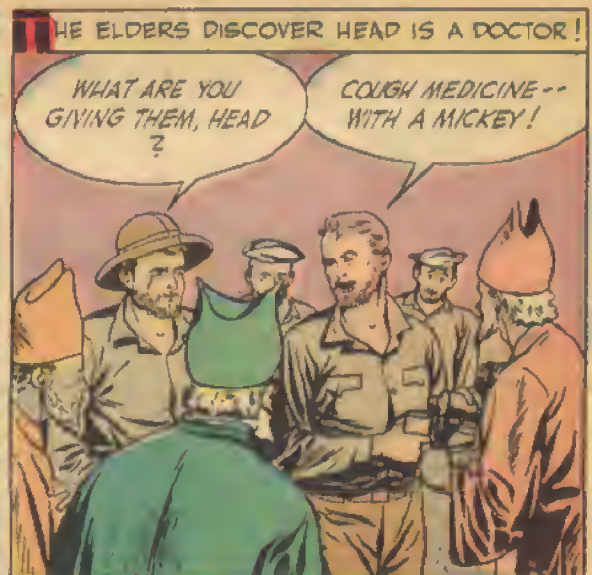
NAH--  
THEY WANT  
US TO GO  
AWAY--

WE'LL  
ANCHOR  
HERE,  
ANYWAY!



AT NIGHT, THE LOOKOUT REPORTS THAT  
VISITORS ARE COMING ABOARD-- THE  
ELDERS OF THE TOWN.

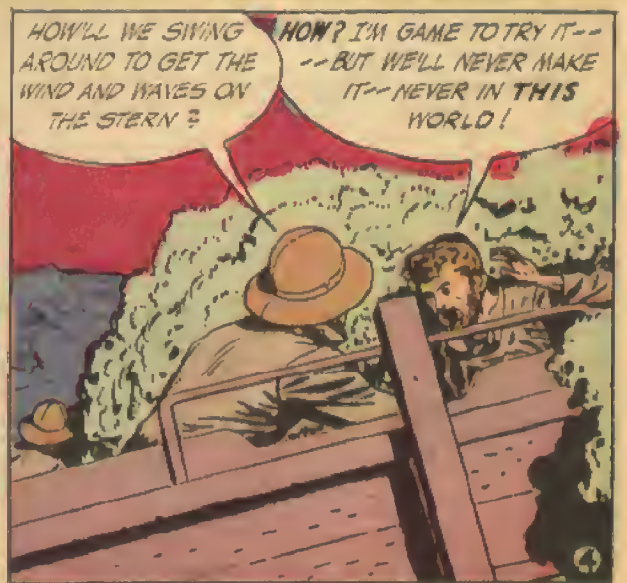
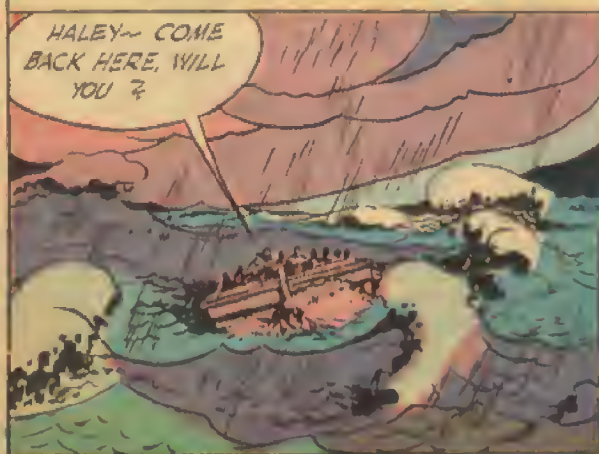




WHEN THEY FINALLY LAND, A PRIEST INVITES THEM TO SLEEP IN HIS HOUSE, BUT THEY DON'T SLEEP MUCH--



DARK CLOUDS HAVE BEEN STACKING UP FOR SEVERAL HOURS, WHEN THEY ARE SUDDENLY SLAPPED IN THE FACE WITH BLINDING RAIN-- AND MOUNTAINOUS WATERS--



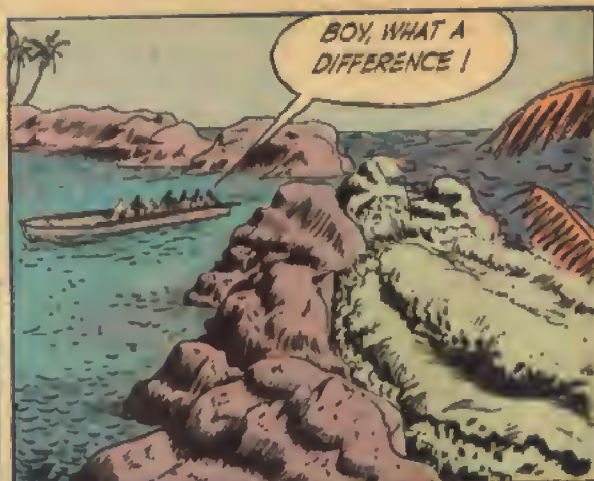


**W**AITING FOR A LOW WAVE, THEY SWING HARD OVER.



SPEED UP  
THE ENGINE,  
CAPTAIN!

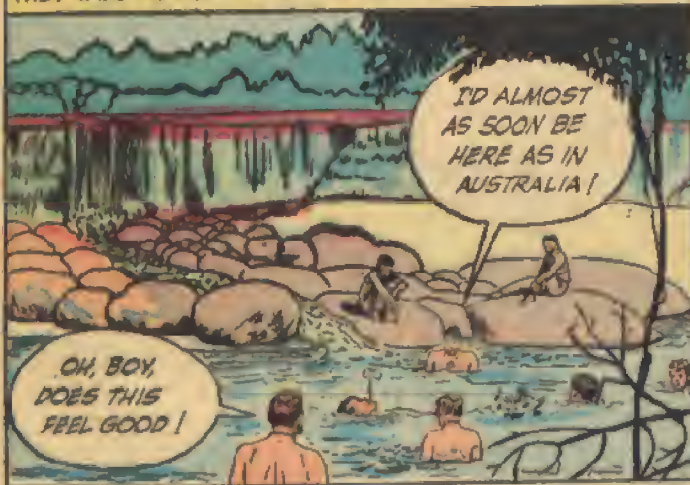
WE'RE  
GONNA  
MAKE IT!



BOY, WHAT A  
DIFFERENCE!

**I**N THE MORNING THEY SEE MOLOE ISLAND,  
AND HIDE ON THE LEE SIDE FROM THE VIOLENCE  
OF THE STORM --

**R**EACHING THE BOAT, THEY FIND A WATERFALL THAT  
MAKES THEM A PERFECT PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL, AND  
THEY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE RELIEF FROM STRAIN --



I'D ALMOST  
AS SOON BE  
HERE AS IN  
AUSTRALIA!

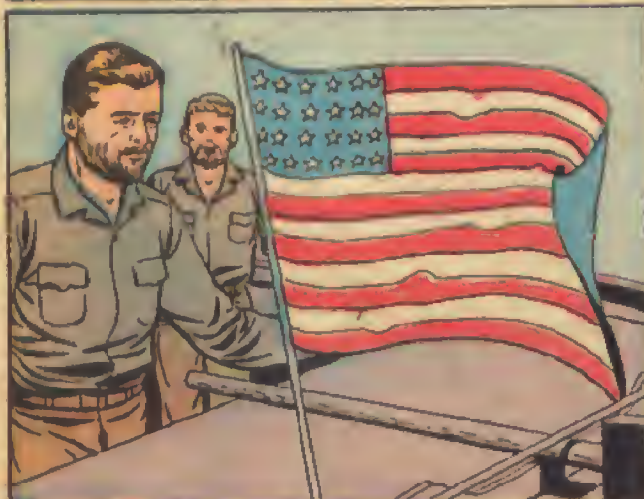
OH, BOY,  
DOES THIS  
FEEL GOOD!



THERE  
GO OUR  
BLUE  
DUNGAREES!

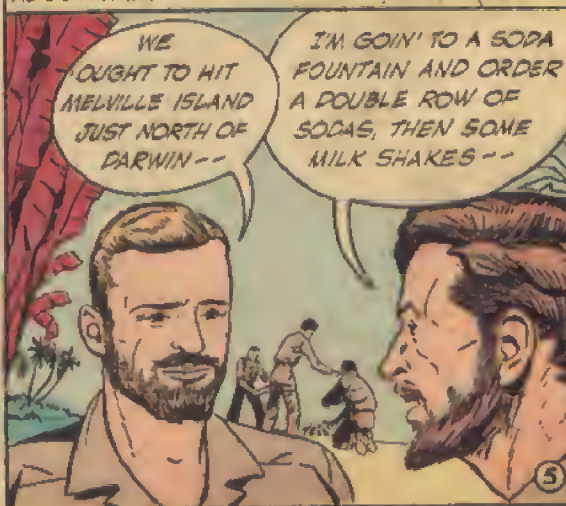
THAT ANTI-  
SEPTIC WILL  
MAKE A SWELL  
RED DYE --

**S**INCE AUSTRALIA IS SO NEAR, BINKLEY  
GETS TO WORK ON AN AMERICAN FLAG --



**I**T ISN'T MUCH OF A FLAG -- AND IT HAS ONLY ONE  
SIDE -- BUT THEY THINK IT IS A SWELL FLAG --

**T**HEY WAIT FOR THE SEAS TO CALM, TALKING  
ABOUT WHAT THEY WANT TO DO IN AUSTRALIA!



WE  
OUGHT TO HIT  
MELVILLE ISLAND  
JUST NORTH OF  
DARWIN --

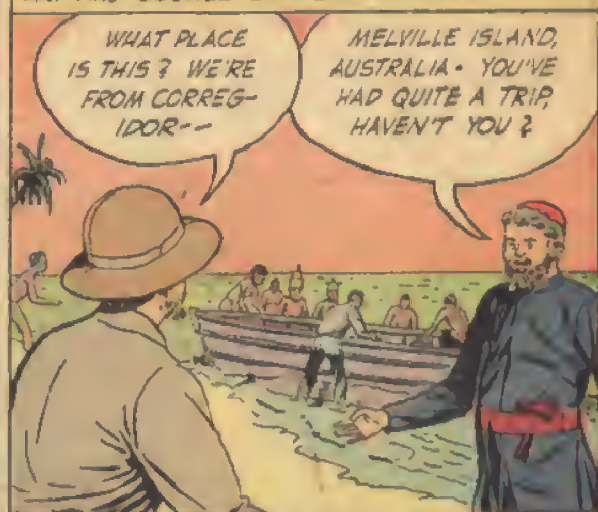
I'M GOIN' TO A SODA  
FOUNTAIN AND ORDER  
A DOUBLE ROW OF  
SODAS, THEN SOME  
MILK SHAKES --



**A**ND SOON THEY'RE SPEEDING ON THE LAST LAP--



**I**T IS LAND AND THEY'RE GREETED BY A MISSIONARY AND SCORES OF WEIRD NATIVES--



**D**ARWIN IS ONLY FORTY OR FIFTY MILES FURTHER, AND THEY REACH IT EXACTLY A MONTH AFTER THE FALL OF CORREGIDOR-- CLIMAXING THIRTY EXCITING DAYS AT SEA --



**W**HEN THEY GET TO MELBOURNE, THEY DECIDE TO EAT-- BUT GOOD!







**A** WEEK LATER, THEY HEAR THAT 13 ARE TO REPORT FOR ACTIVE DUTY, SO THEY HOLD A FAREWELL DINNER • HEAD SPEAKS --



THESE MEN DON'T MAKE SPEECHES -- THEY'RE GOING BACK TO THE DRUMMING GUNS OF BATAAN ONE OF THESE DAYS •

THEY WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO GO BACK AND TEAR DOWN THE PRISON GATES OF CORREGIDOR AND HAUL DOWN THE RED-BALL FLAGS OVER WAKE AND GUAM •

RIGHT NOW LT. CONDR. MORRILL IS ASSIGNED TO A SHIP IN ACTION -- SO LOOK OUT, TOJO!

*The End*



# CANDID

## Charlie

By B. Gordon Guth

MEXICO!

AT LAST MY TROUBLE'S  
ARE OVER !! I HOPE!

FOR SOMETIME CHARLIE HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET TO MEXICO ON A MISSION TO INVESTIGATE SABOTAGE AT MR. VAN GILT'S OIL FIELD. HE STARTED ON A TRAIN, BUT BECAUSE OF SOME STARTLING ADVENTURES, TRAVELED BY BOAT, HORSE AND AUTOMOBILE.... NOW AS OUR STORY UNFOLDS WE FIND OUR HERO HAS FINALLY ARRIVED ON A DONKEY.



ER-- / PARDON ME  
HOW DO I GET TO SOTO LA MARINA,  
VAN GILT'S OIL FIELD ?



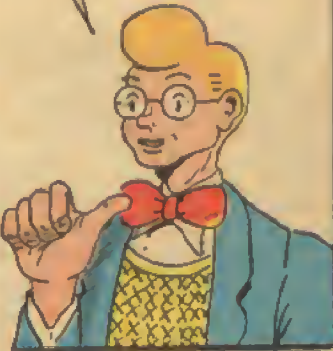
GOSH / WHAT  
DID I SAY ?  
HE JUST TURNED  
AND RAN !!



CHARLIE WALKS TO THE END OF THE TOWN, AND AS LUCK WILL HAVE IT FINDS A SIGNPOST.



THIS SHOULD WORK IN MEXICO. I HOPE !!



SAY! WILL YA GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE VAN GILT OIL FIELD?



HEY! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS! WHY DOES EVERYBODY JUMP WHEN I MENTION VAN GILT OIL FIELD ?? MAYBE THE PLACE IS HAUNTED OR SOMETHING?



CHARLIE FINALLY GOT A LIFT FROM A PEON WHO COULDN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH



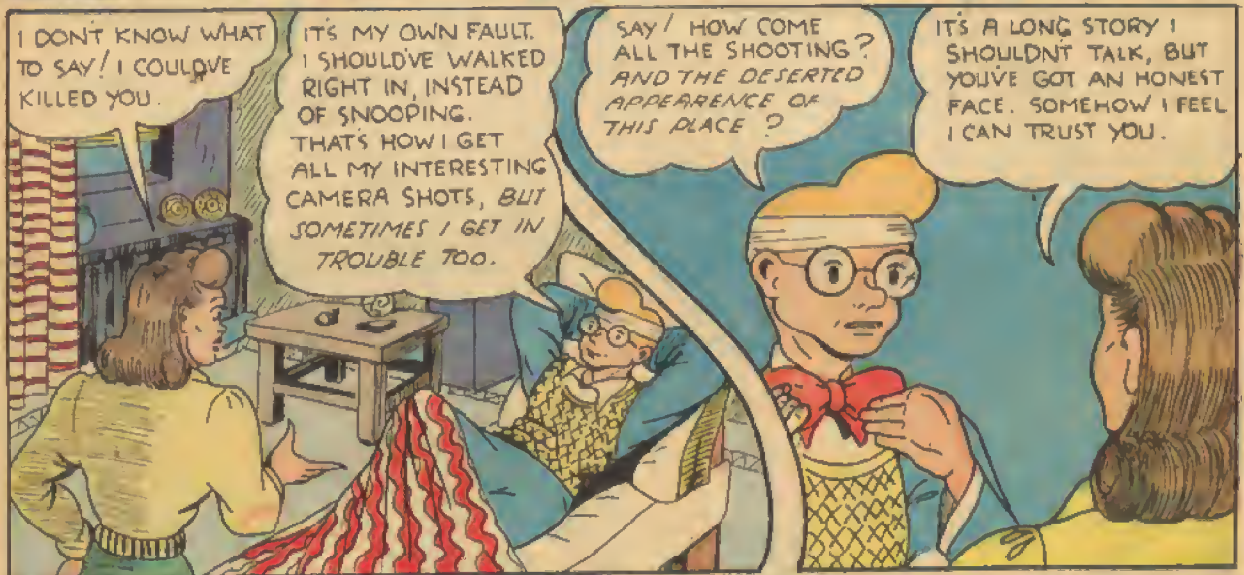
LOOKS KINDA DESERTED FOR AN IMPORTANT OIL FIELD!



A SHOT BREAKS THE QUIET









LET'S GO OVER AND TAKE A PEEK AT LA DALMA

I'VE GOT TO GET THAT OIL LAND MY GOVERNMENT NEEDS ALL THE OIL AVAILABLE. IT CAN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER

SI, SI, SENOR WE ARE DOING OUR BEST. A FEW MORE WEEKS AND THESE AMERICANOS WILL GIVE UP.

A FEW DAYS LATER WE FIND CHARLIE DOING A LITTLE PEEKING

THE SENOR, HE LIKES TO TAKE PRETTY PICTURES YES? YOU TAKE JOSE PICTURE NO..?

1 ER! ---- OH! YES SURE, I'LL TAKE YOUR PICTURE.



HOW IS THE RUBBER BUSINESS-?

RUBBER-AMIGO? I NO UNDERSTAND? WE TOUGH FELLOWS. WE FIGHT, BUT I LIKE YOU. YOU O.K. - YOU TAKE THESE PICTURES, MAKE PLENTY PRETTY!

THAT MAN COMING OUT OF THERE---! HE'S NO MEXICAN WHO IS HE?

HIM BIG BOSS-- HE COME EVERY WEEK. PAY LOTS MONEY. WE SHOOT GRINGOS- MAYBE YOU NO LIKE SOMEBODY, I CUT THROAT, NICE JOB, NO MONEY, I LIKE YOU!!



LATER BACK AT THE OILFIELD

VERY PRETTY. I JUST SNAPPED YOUR PICTURE, BUT YOU WON'T SEE IT FOR A LONG TIME, I CAN'T DEVELOP IT!

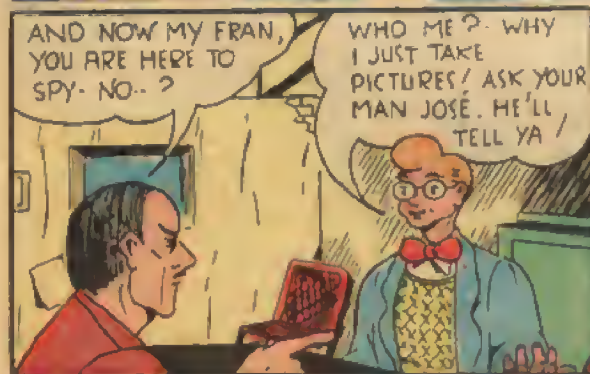
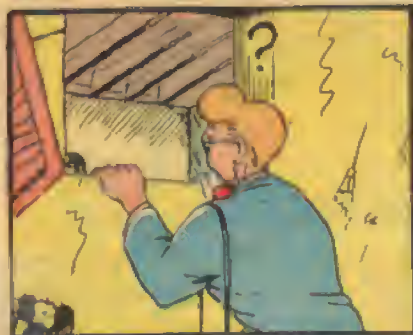
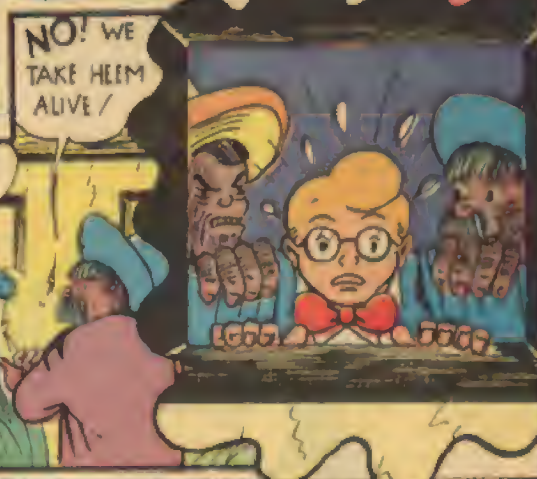
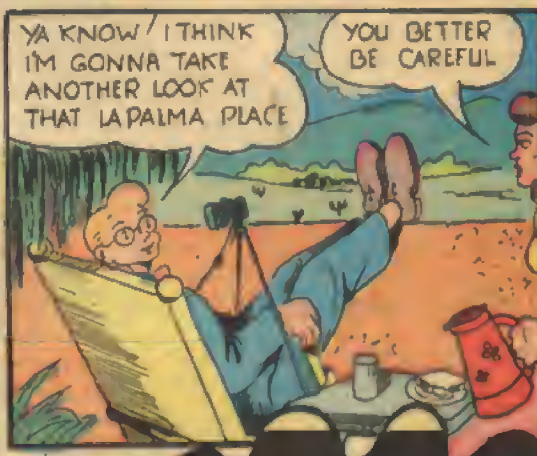
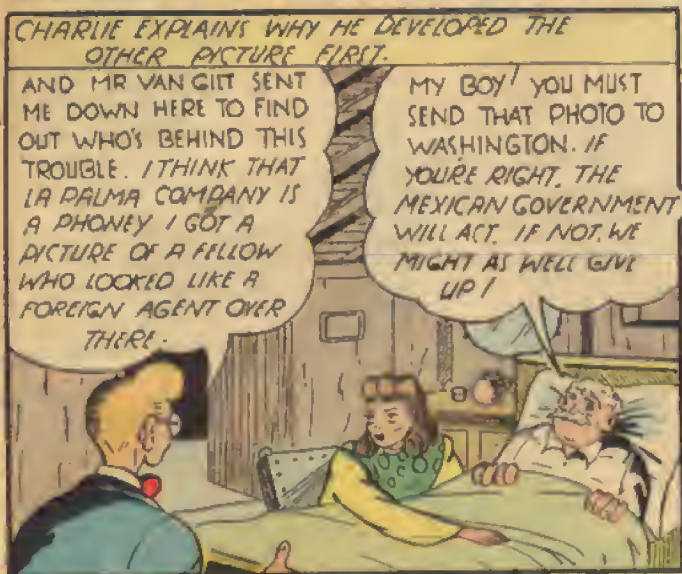
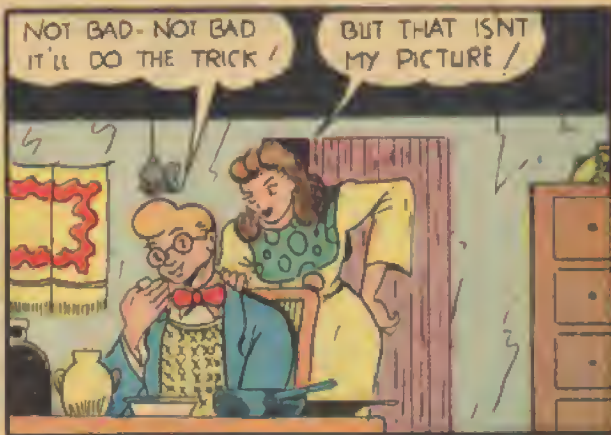
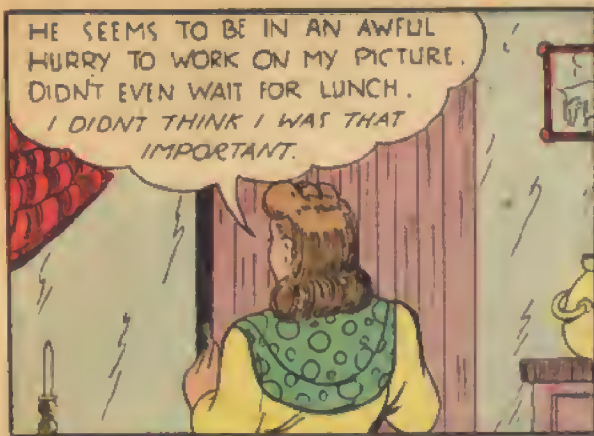
MAYBE YOU CAN ONE OF THE BOYS HAD A CAMERA AND A LOT OF EQUIPMENT HE WAS SHOT AT, AND LEFT IN A HURRY.

LOOK! WHAT'S THIS-?

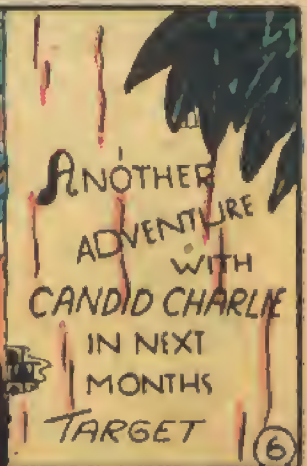
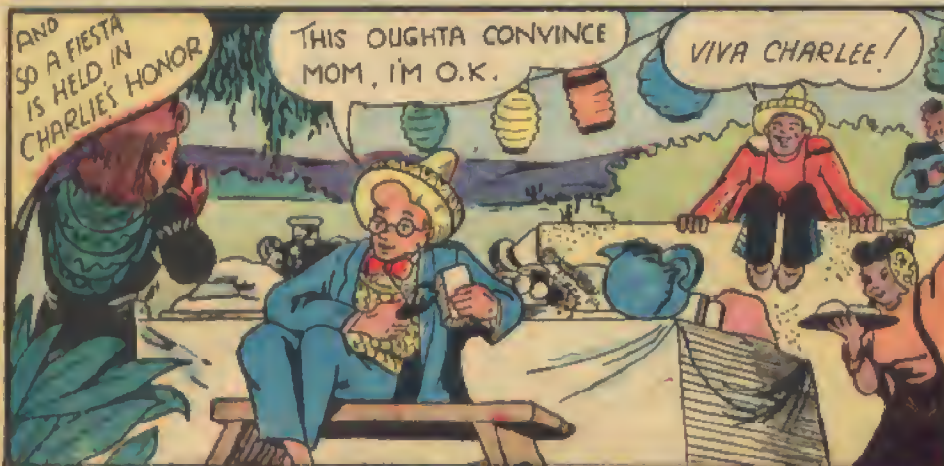
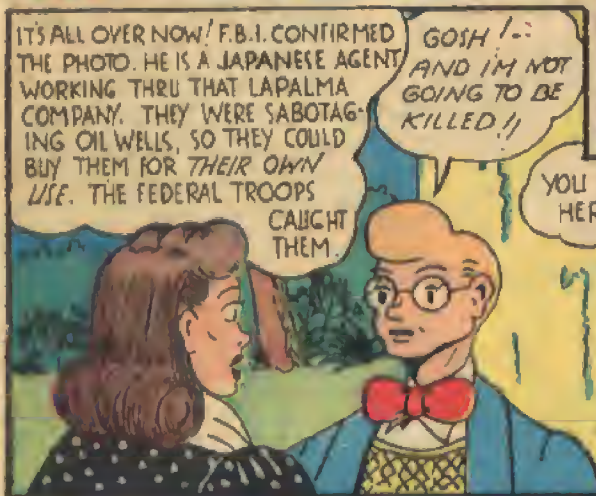
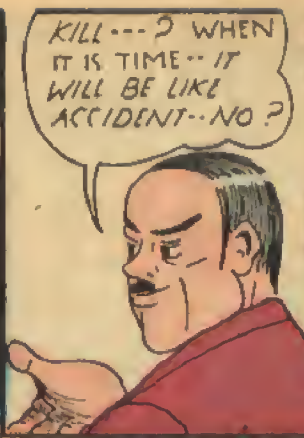
M Q DEVELOPER, ACID FIXING POWDER, PRINTING FRAME - THE WORKS! NOW FOR SOME FILMS AND BOTTLES.













# THE TARGET

## and the TARGETEERS



IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT WILL BOOST A FIGHTING MAN'S MORALE, IT'S A LETTER FROM HOME! SO WHEN NAZI SABOTEURS GET A NEW TWIST ON SABOTAGE, IT TAKES THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS TO DELIVER THE MAIL!



Mrs. Nellie Brown  
1687 7th St.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pvt. Herman Brown  
North Africa

A MAIL TRUCK STARTS OUT FOR AN EASTERN EMBARKATION PORT TO RELAY A CARGO OF LETTERS...

WELL, WON'T BE LONG UNTIL OUR BOYS ON THE FIGHTING FRONT GET ANOTHER LOAD OF NEWS!

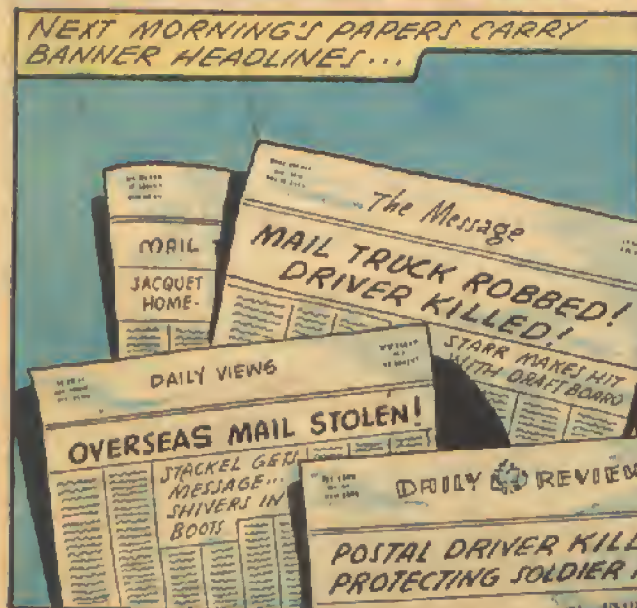


BUT...

LOOK! DERE IS DER MAIL TRUCK AHEAD OF US NOW!









I SUPPOSE YOU'VE READ ABOUT THE MAIL ROBBERY?

SURE -- BUT, WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE?

WELL, THE FACT THAT IT WAS OVERSEAS MAIL HAS AROUSED OUR SUSPICIONS --- BESIDES THE INDIGNATION OF THE ENTIRE AMERICAN PUBLIC!

OH, YOU THINK THIS MAY BE AN ATTEMPTON THE MORALE -- MMH!

THAT'S IT, NILES! THE LONGER YOU CONSIDER IT, THE MORE IT SEEMS LIKE A NAZI IDEA! AT ANY RATE, WE WANT TO BE SURE NO MORE SOLDIER MAIL IS LOST!

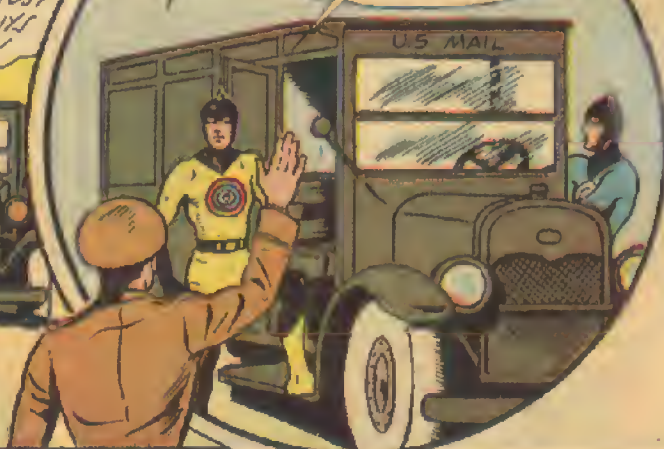
THE FOLLOWING DAY, TARGET AND TARGETEERS GO TO WORK!

THIS TRUCK IS TO BE USED AS A DECAY -- IT'S LOADED WITH SCRAP PAPER...

OKAY, MAJOR... JUST LET THOSE GUYS TRY IT AGAIN!

WELL, GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

THANK YOU, SIR... WE'LL REPORT SOON AS WE CAN!



BOY, I WON'T CARE WHETHER THOSE GUYS ARE NAZIS OR CROOKS --- I JUST WANT TO LAY INTO THEM!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, DAVE!

WELL, MAYBE YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE!

U.S. MAIL



SUDDENLY, TOM JERKS ON THE BRAKES! HEY... WHAT'S WRONG?

LOOK... THERE'S A MAN LYING IN THE ROAD, NILES!







WATCH YOUR STEP, FELLOWS... THIS MIGHT BE A TRAP!

WE'LL SOON SEE!



HMM... DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH HIM! GUESS I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THIS BEING A...



TARGET IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED - - -

TR-- UHH!

HA!  
HA!



GET DOSE MEN!

THIS IS IT, BOYS-- HERE COME THE STOOGES!



THIS IS FROM ALL THE BOYS WHO CAN'T DELIVER IT PERSONALLY!

SPECIAL DELIVERY, FOR YOU, PAL!



OH... PLANNING TO PLAY WITH FIRE, EH? WELL, JUST DROP IT! WE'LL DO THIS OUR WAY!

ACH!

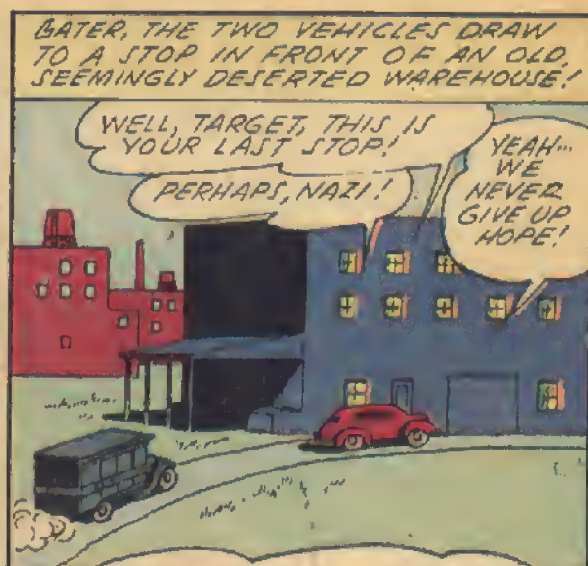


AT THIS MOMENT, THE NAZI LEADER STEPS FORWARD INTO THE ROAD...

STOP OR I KILL DER TARGET! I KNOW DAT VUN BULLET THROUGH DER HEAD VILL FINISH HIM OFF!

OKAY, WE'LL LET UP! NOW WHAT?







BUT, THE NAZI LEADER, HAVING FOUND A SYSTEM THAT WORKED ONCE, TRIES IT AGAIN...

WHEN YOU KNOW HOW TO SHOT DER TARGET, IT IS EASY! DIS TIME YOU DIE!

UH-OH-- HOLD IT, BOYS! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!



SHOOT DEM-- KILL DEM! I MUST NOT BE CAUGHT!

YOU'VE COMMITTED YOUR LAST MURDER!



YUP... TAKE A NAZI'S GUN AWAY AND HE'S A CINCH FOR AN UPPERCUT!

THAT IS WHAT I WOULD CALL A NICE JOB OF CLEANING UP! BUT, YOU SURE TOOK A CHANCE!

OH, WE MANAGE PRETTY WELL -- INCIDENTALLY, THAT MAIL TRUCK SHOULD BE ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED!



BUT, THE NAZI PLANS ARE BROKEN UP WHEN...

ARE WE ON TIME, BOYS? OKAY, NAZIS-- DROP YOUR GUNS!

RIGHT ON THE DOT... I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE COULD STALL THEM!

VAS... DER SOLDIERS!



NO... YOU CANNOT PROVE...

WE CAN PROVE EVERYTHING! THE MAJOR HAS BEEN TAILING US FROM THE VERY FIRST-- AND YOU LED THE ARMY RIGHT TO YOUR HIDE-OUT!



LATER...

I DON'T THINK ANY OF THAT MAIL HAS BEEN TOUCHED YET!

SWELL... THE BOYS OVERSEAS WILL PROBABLY BE DARNED HAPPY TO GET IT!

AND THE F.B.I WILL BE GLAD TO GET FOUR SMART AXIS AGENTS!



SOMETIME LATER...

GEE-EE! BOY, A LETTER FROM HOME!



WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ARE IMPORTANT-- BUT SO IS MORALE! THIS MONTH, TARGET REMINDS YOU TO WRITE TO YOUR FRIENDS IN THE ARMED FORCES!



# DAN'L FLANNEL

C'MON, CLEO...  
YO' ALL IS  
AWEARIN' ME  
OUT!

"CLEOPATRA  
WAS NO LADY."  
SAYS DAN'L  
FLANNEL, BUT SHE  
CERTAINLY USED  
HORSE SENSE -  
EVEN THOUGH SHE  
WAS A DONKEY!

HEE-  
HAW!



ONE BRIGHT SUMMER DAY, THE HOMESPUN CENTER COUNTY FAIR OPENS --- AND  
AMONG THE EARLY ARRIVALS IS DAN'L FLANNEL - WITH HIS UNCLE DUD AND  
BEULAH BELLE ....

- NICE OF YOU TO TAKE  
UNCLE DUD AND ME TO  
THE FAIR, DAN'L ---

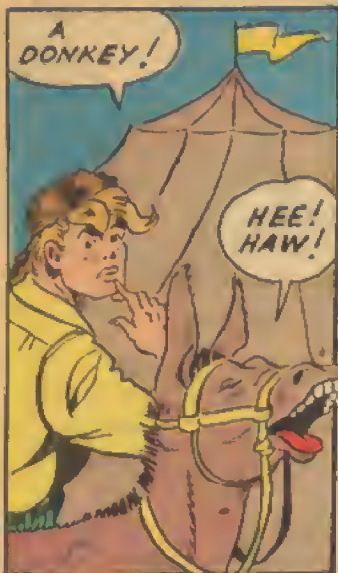
SHUCKS! TAIN'T NOthin'!  
AH HAS SIX DOLLARS  
TO SPEND, TOO!











A  
DONKEY!

HEE!  
HAW!



GOSH ...  
NOW AH'M  
BROKE ...

AND I'M  
OUT WITH  
A JACKASS!

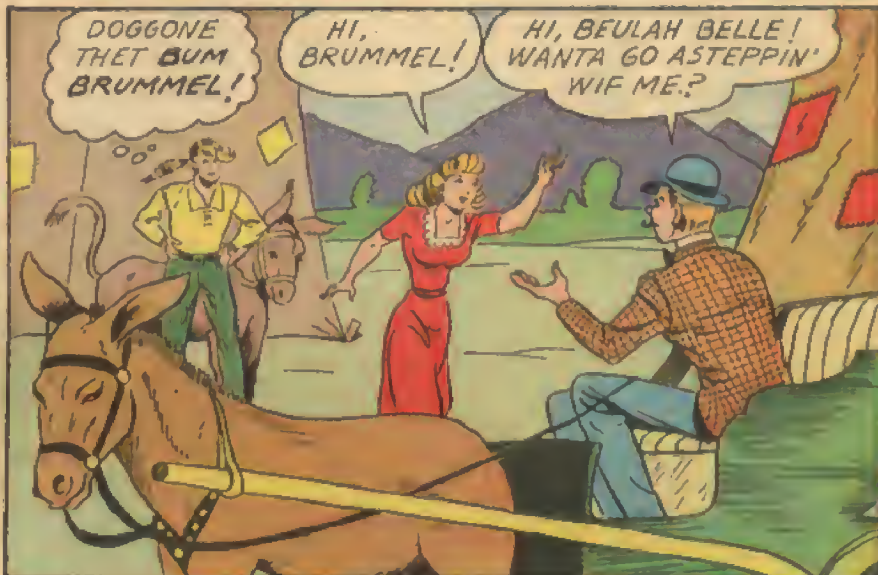


DAN'L, IT WILL BE SILLY  
FOR ME TO STAY WITH  
YOU AND THE  
DONKEY --- YOU'D  
BETTER TAKE  
HER HOME!

GOSHALL,  
BEULAH...  
NOW DON'T  
GET MAD  
AT ME!



OH, THERE'S BUM  
BRUMMEL... HE'LL  
BE GLAD TO TAKE  
ME AROUND THE  
FAIR GROUNDS ---



DOGGONE  
THET BUM  
BRUMMEL!

HI,  
BRUMMEL!

HI, BEULAH BELLE!  
WANTA GO ASTEPPIN'  
WIF ME.?

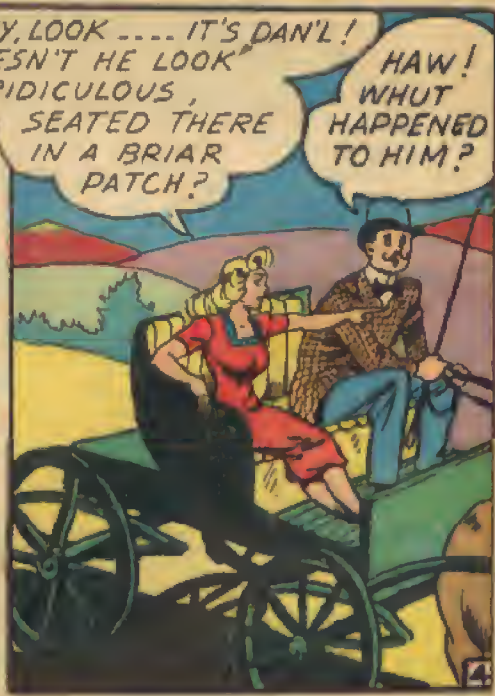
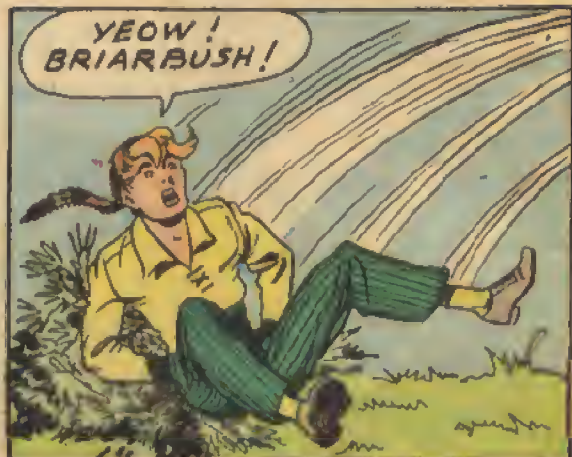
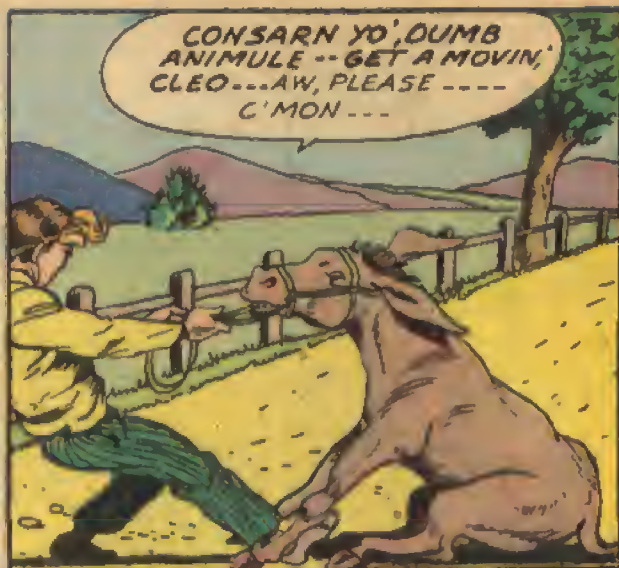


JUS' BECAUSE AH WAS STUCK WITH  
CLEO H'YAR AIN'T ANY GOOD REASON  
FOR BEULAH TO LEAVE ME!! C'MON,  
CLEO --- WE IS A GOIN' HOME ---

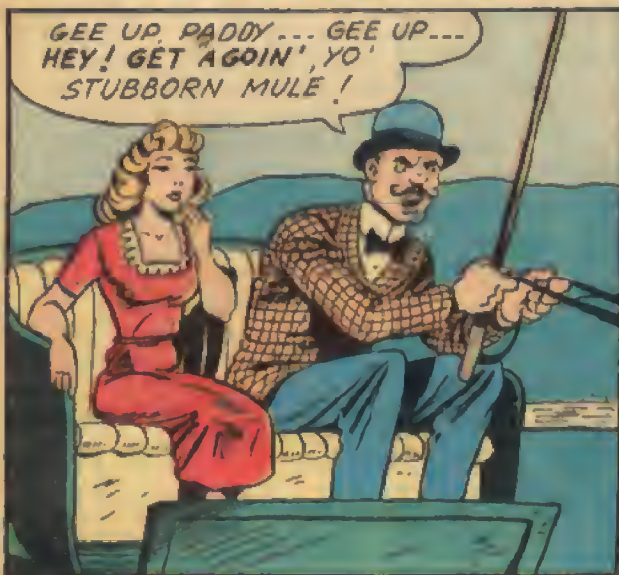
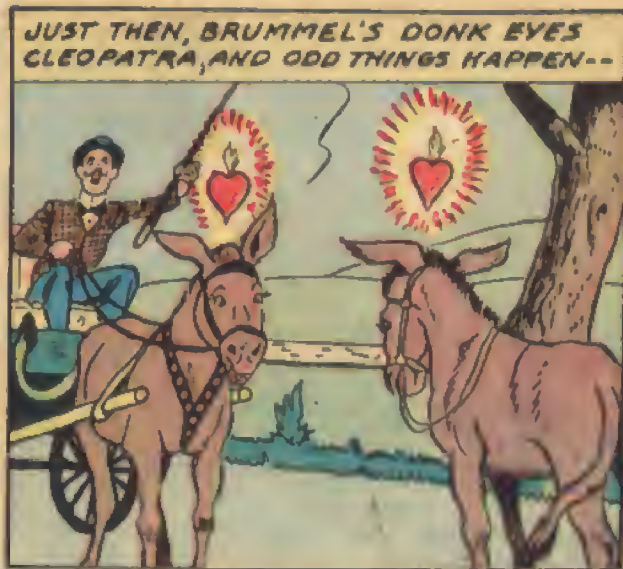
AH'LL MAKE HER SORRY  
FER THET --- JUS' WAIT  
AN' SEE! (GULP) EVEN  
UNCLE DUD'S LEFT ME,  
TO SEE TH' HAWG  
SHOW! (GULP)



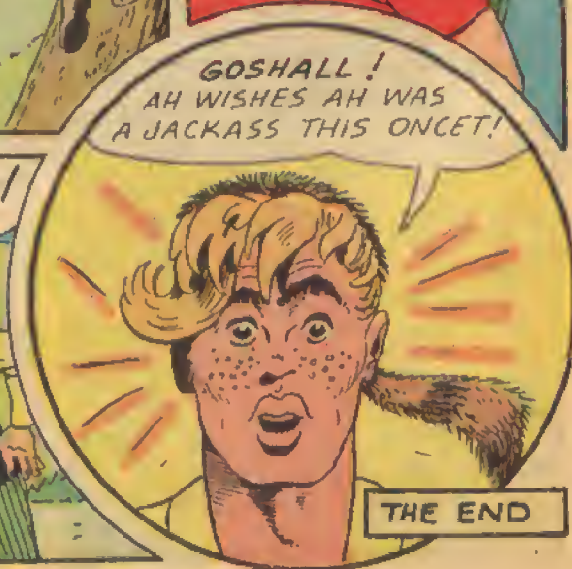
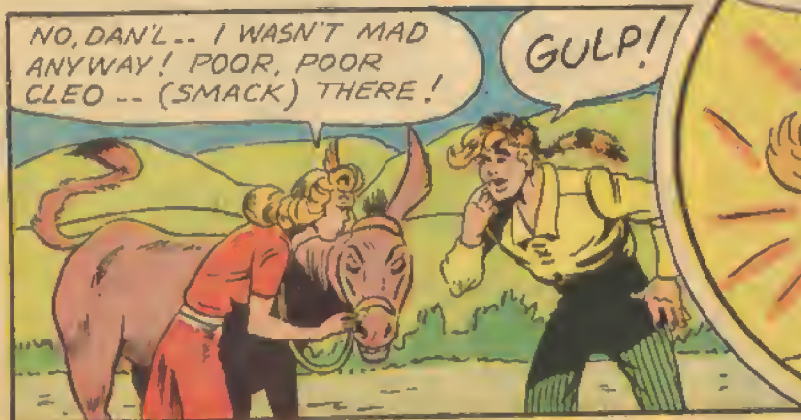














# TWO PUNCTURES FOR HITLER

**W**HEN young Jimmie Poole stopped to fix a puncture in his front tire, little did he realize that he would be a hero from coast to coast.

The night was dark and the heavy sky held a hint of rain as he mounted his bike, turned off Route 66, and began to pedal up the steep gravel road that led to his home.

Suddenly he saw the glaring headlights of a speeding car sweep around the curve on Route 66, just below him. He could tell that the car was traveling at least seventy miles an hour.

— And then Jimmie Poole gasped and got off his bike. Tragedy was near. For, just below where he stood dumbfounded was a barricade consisting of a heavy board awing between two upturned tar barrels. Jimmie knew right off that the speeding car would hit the unlighted barrier. There was a sickening squeal of brakes grabbing for traction on the concrete and then the speeding car smacked into the barrier. There was a crash that should have been heard in Pontiac. Both headlights blacked out, and the car rolled over and over and came to a grinding stop, lying on its side on the grassy bank, its wheels spinning crazily in the air.

Jimmy automatically stooped to turn off the carbide lamp on his bike and then started to clamber and slide down the steep bank toward the hard road, to see if he could help the accident victim.

But he stopped in surprise, because the driver of the overturned car had miraculously escaped injury. He was a keen, wiry-looking young fellow, and he was already out of the overturned car, an automatic held ready in his hand, peering into the dark as if he were expecting fresh danger to pounce upon him from the dark.

Jimmie was about to speak when he heard footsteps pounding up the concrete of the hard road. He decided to wait and see what happened.

**T**HE driver of the overturned car stepped out into the road and poked the muzzle of his automatic into the face of a solidly built man in the drab uniform of a state highway cop. The cop stopped and looked perplexed. Then he spoke with an odd accent: "I'm state policeman. Heard crash and came to see what happened."

The man with the gun apologized. "Sorry. Thought you might be a hijacker or something. My boss has warned me about it so many times. I've been expecting almost anything to happen. Maybe you can help me locate another car. I'm Rex Wilson, and I've got a hundred grand in diamonds in a belt around my waist, and I have to deliver them to an aircraft instrument company in Chicago tomorrow."

The officer seemed eager to help. "I can do better than that for you. I'll take you to a civilian air patrol just up the road. They've got a volunteer pilot on duty and he'll fly you to Chicago."

Jimmie Poole, crouching in the velvet dark, was suddenly suspicious and afraid. He knew this country like his name, and there was no civilian air patrol base that he knew about. He sank down low in the shrubbery. This would bear a little investigation. He decided to follow the two men on his bike, keep his ears open, and find out what was going on.

The officer led Wilson to a state police car parked under the trees up the road, and he drove 200 yards down Route 66, made a left turn onto a gravel road and stopped in front of a big red barn hidden from the road by a grove of trees. He got out and led Wilson inside.

Jimmie Poole hid his bicycle on the grassy bank and crept silently up to the barn. He found a knot-hole and peered into the barn's dimly lighted interior.

Jimmie saw Wilson blinking his eyes as he walked into the interior, so efficiently screened from the outside, and Jimmie realized that the man with the beltful of diamonds had fallen into a clever trap. He knew immediately that this barn was not a civilian air patrol unit but was a hideout for Nazi agents and saboteurs.

**O**VER near the north wall was a portable radio transmitter, and a big, burly blond bruiser with a crew haircut was sending out a code message.

In front of Wilson, Jimmie could see two men in severely cut civilian clothes, both with wicked-looking automatics in their hands. Both guns were aimed at Wilson's stomach. Jimmie heard the taller of the two, evidently the leader, growl



at Wilson's captor, "Why did you bring this man here, Schneider? Why didn't you just get the diamonds and then kill him?"

The man called Schneider began to remove the state cop uniform. "The accident didn't hurt him. He got out of the wreck and got the drop on me. I haven't even searched him yet, Herr Winkler."

Jimmie Poole wanted to stay there and listen to what happened, but he knew that he had a job to do. He left his peep-hole and raced headlong through the dark toward the spot where he had hidden his bicycle.

Back in the barn, Winkler motioned with his gun. "Search him now, Schneider! You have made it necessary for us to dispose of two men now, instead of one. Both the state cop and this man have seen this place, and they cannot be allowed to go free."

**U**NTIL now Rex Wilson had been unaware of the trussed-up form lying on a cot near the radio transmitter. This, he knew, was the state cop in whose uniform Schneider had masqueraded. The cop had on only an undershirt and a pair of shorts, and he was effectively gagged with a dirty cloth stuffed in his mouth.

Schneider searched Rex Wilson with rough but skilful hands and had no difficulty in locating the canvas belt full of diamonds, which he handed to Herr Winkler. "These should be of greater value to the Fuehrer than to these fools. What do you want us to do with this man, Herr Winkler?"

Winkler stuffed the beltful of diamonds into his coat pocket and began to slip into a parachute pack. "I am flying to Chicago so I can make proper connections for New York. You will get rid of this man and also the state cop. Repaint the policeman's car and attach different license plates immediately. We must maintain this radio site for some time and we must not risk investigation."

Schneider grinned a fiendish grin. He was climbing back into his own clothes. "As long as you are flying to Chicago, why not take these two fools with you and dump them into Lake Michigan? That will get rid of them and keep any suspicion away from here."

Winkler nodded and smiled coldly. "Ja," he said, "that we will do. Dress the cop in his own uniform and bring him to the plane as soon as he is ready. I will give you ten minutes." He waved his gun at Rex Wilson. "You, my friend, walk ahead of me out the back door of the barn—and try no foolish escape! I will feel no remorse if I am forced to shoot you!"

It was just then that the group of state cops

from the office at Pontiac, brought by little Jimmie Poole, came dashing into sight around the end of the red barn.

The captain of the cops bellowed at the top of his voice, "Drop your guns, you Nazis, or we'll blow you sky-high!"

Winkler ducked and ran for cover behind the shelter of the barn, dragging at his Luger as he ran. One of the cops cut loose with a tommy gun expertly cradled in his arms. Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat! The flying lead cut him down, and he fell to the ground, lifeless, arms outflung.

Schneider came running out of the barn, stuttering in his fright and mouthing German epithets. Rex Wilson dove headlong at the Nazi in a football tackle and carried him to the ground. The Nazi collapsed like a pricked balloon as his head smacked against a big boulder in the driveway border.

**T**HE Nazi radio operator was still in the barn when the cops got inside, trying to wreck his radio transmitter. The captain of the cops slugged him on the point of the jaw with a sweeping blow of his fist, and the Nazi went to sleep as if he'd been drugged.

Rex Wilson took his beltful of diamonds back from the lifeless Nazi leader, Herr Winkler. Then he turned to thank the cops for their aid. "Boys, it was sure lucky for me you got here when you did. Your Uncle Sam would have lost a hundred thousand dollars' worth of industrial diamonds, and I would have been a dead pigeon."

The captain of the highway cops shook hands with Rex Wilson. "Glad we could be of service to you. We'll furnish you with a car and driver to get you to Chicago, but your thanks belong to this boy."

He put his brown, freckled hand on Jimmie Poole's red head. "This kid tipped us off that the Nazis had you in a hot box. That's what tickles me plenty: a thirteen-year-old kid wipes out a nest of them smart-alec Nazis that think they're so doggoned smart."

Jimmie Poole grabbed Rex Wilson's sleeve. "The tires on my bicycle are about gone. I had another puncture ridin' after the cops. Do you think your boss could fix it so I could get a new tire? You know they are rationing them now."

Rex Wilson grinned. "That isn't quite in our line, kid, but if your Uncle Sam is as grateful as I think he will be, I think he'll fix it to give you a new bicycle. You're necessary for National Defense."

THE END



PETE STOCKBRIDGE

# The CHAMELEON

CHAMELEON RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM BERLIN AND IMMEDIATELY CONTACTS THE NAZI AGENTS IN LONDON! THINGS HAPPEN FAST WHEN SQUIRES, THE LITTLE ENGLISH BOY, GOES ALONG WITH A COUPLE OF GERMAN SPIES - AND PETE ALMOST LOSES HIS LIFE!



SOMEWHERE IN THE SUBURBS OF LONDON - AT A NAZI HIDEOUT!

HAFF YOU DECODED DAT MESSAGE FROM GERMANY YET, FRITZ?

JA-- I READ IT TO YOU! IT ISS FROM DER GESTAPO!



DEY HAFF CHUST DISCOVERED DAT IT VAS DER CHAMELEON WHO SABOTAGED DER UNDER-GROUND MUNITIONS VORKS AT LUDORF! VE MUST TRACE HIM UND ELIMINATE HIM!





HIS REAL NAME ISS PETE STOCKBRIDGE--HE ISS NOW IN LONDON, AT DER KING'S HOTEL! DER ONLY PERSON HE SEES ISS A YOUNG BOY WHO VISITS HIM EFFERY NIGHT!

AHH!

DAT ISS EXCELLENT! VE VILL USE DER BOY TO CATCH HIM! VERSTEHENSIE?

JA, HERR KRIEG!

THAT EVENING PETE IS WAITING IN HIS ROOM FOR HIS YOUNG FRIEND .... SQUIRES SHOULD BE HERE SOON--WONDER WHAT HE'D LIKE TO DO TONIGHT? GEE, I WISH HE AND RAGSY COULD MEET EACH OTHER!

AT THE SAME TIME, SQUIRES IS LEAVING HIS HOME --

BLIMEY, HI'D BETTER RUSH A MITE-- HI'LL BE LATE GETTING TO MR. STOCKBRIDGE'S 'OTEL!

BUT--A FEW BLOCKS AWAY FROM HIS DESTINATION...

HI SAY-- 'OW D'YA KNOW MY NAME?

HELLO! SQUIRES!

HE'S THE BOY ALL RIGHT!

ASK NO QUESTIONS-- CHUST COME ALONG MIT US!

SHUT UP!

YOU'RE BLOOMIN' NAZIS!

BUT, HI SAY-- WHAT D'YA WANT WITH ME? HI DONT KNOW ANYTHIN'--HONEST!

QUIET!



FINALLY, SQUIRES IS SHOVED THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE NAZI HEADQUARTERS!



GET IN THERE!

DON'T SHOVE!

GO TO DAT PHONE UND CALL PETE STOCKBRIDGE -- ASK HIM TO COME IMMEDIATELY TO DIS ADDRESS! TELL HIM IT ISS IMPORTANT!



PETE -- BUT HI DONT UNDERSTAND!? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HIM?

DO AS I SAY -- NO TRICKS!

'ELLO, PETE -- THIS IS SQUIRES! HI SAY, WOULD YOU COME RIGHT HOVER TO 123 BELFRY LANE! HEH? NO, HEVERYTHING'S FINE -- JUST LIKE IN BERLIN!



ON THE OTHER END ---

WAI --- OH, HE'S HUNG UP! FINE AS IN BERLIN, EH? WELL, BERLIN'S QUITE A MESS THESE DAYS!



THIS NAZI AVIATOR'S UNIFORM SHOULD MAKE A GOOD DISGUISE!

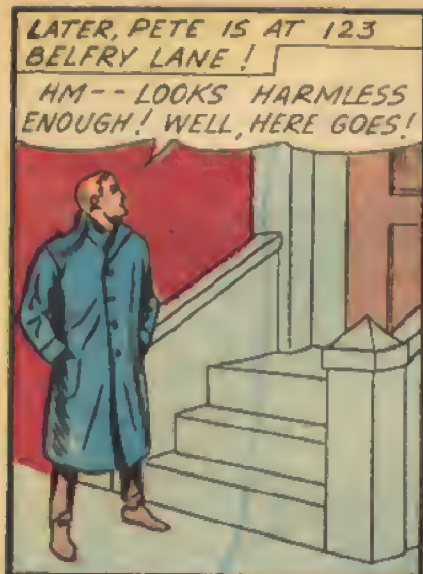
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SQUIRES IS IN TROUBLE! BERLIN -- HMM! SOUNDS LIKE NAZIS!



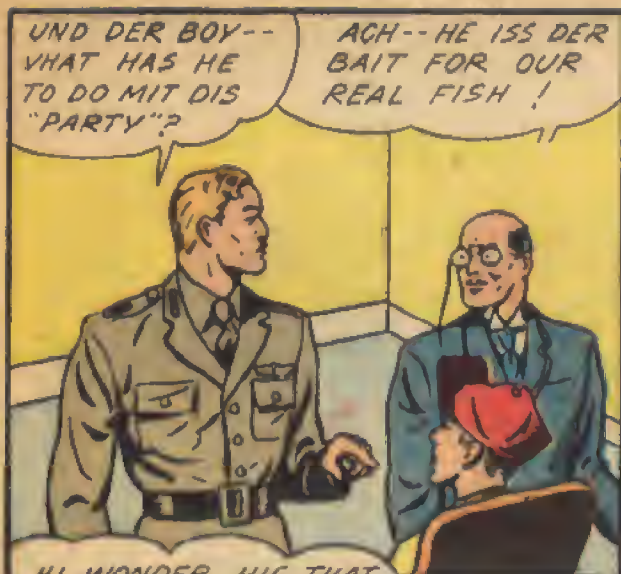
NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! -- HOPE I DON'T MEET UP WITH AN ENGLISH COP!











UND DER BOY--  
VHAT HAS HE  
TO DO MIT DIS  
"PARTY"?

ACH-- HE ISS DER  
BAIT FOR OUR  
REAL FISH !

HI WONDER HIF THAT  
MIGHT BE MR. STOCK-  
BRIDGE? BERLIN  
HIS THE SIGNAL HI  
GAVE HIM !



VHY DOES DER LIEUTENANT  
LOOK AT DER BOY DAT  
VAY? DER CHAMELEON--  
HE ISS A MASTER OF  
DISGUISE! I MUST BE  
SURE



HA-- YOU DO THINGS JUST  
LIKE IN BERLIN, NO?

BERLIN?!

JA--VE CARRY  
ON FOR DER  
THIRD ORDER!

JUST A FORMALITY,  
LIEUTENANT-- BUT  
I VOULD LIKE TO  
SEE YOUR PAPERS !

PAPERS? VHY I HAD  
TO BURN DEM FOR  
FEAR OF HAFING  
DEM ON MY PERSON  
IF I VAS CAUGHT!



CONSIDERING DAT YOU VEAR A  
NAZI UNIFORM, DAT IS A POOR  
EXCUSE, LIEUTENANT! ARE YOU SURE  
DAT YOU ARE NOT DER CHAMELEON?



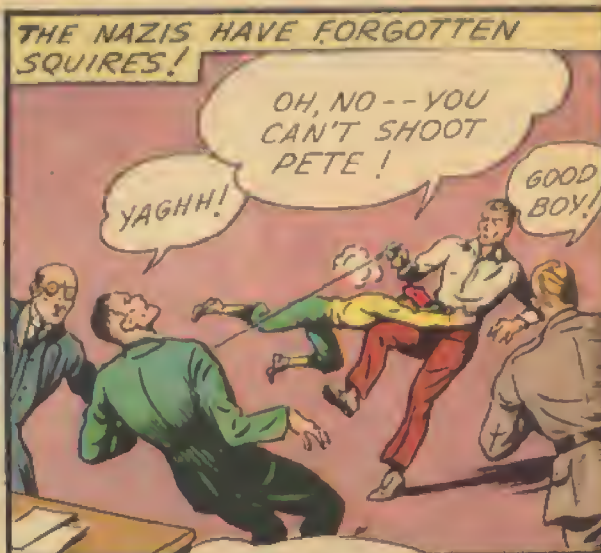
VHY--MY DEAR  
SIR...



YOU SHOULD HAVE SURPRISED ME  
WITH THAT GUESS! I AM THE  
CHAMELEON! AND, YOU'VE GIVEN  
ME JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT  
OF TIME I NEEDED!

A GUN! PETE!









AND THIS IS FOR TRYING TO SHOOT ME!

DER GUN!



DAT VAS YOUR LAST CHANCE, CHAMELEON!

BAM!



CHAMELEON SINKS TO THE FLOOR --

DIS SHOT ISS FOR DER FACTORY AT LUDORF!!

NO-DONT! DONT!



HOWEVER, KRIEG'S PLAN FOR REVENGE IS CUT SHORT!

ROUND 'EM ALL UP BOYS!

VAS -- ACH! BRITISH MILITARY POLICE!

DROP THAT GUN NAZI!

NEIN-- NEIN!



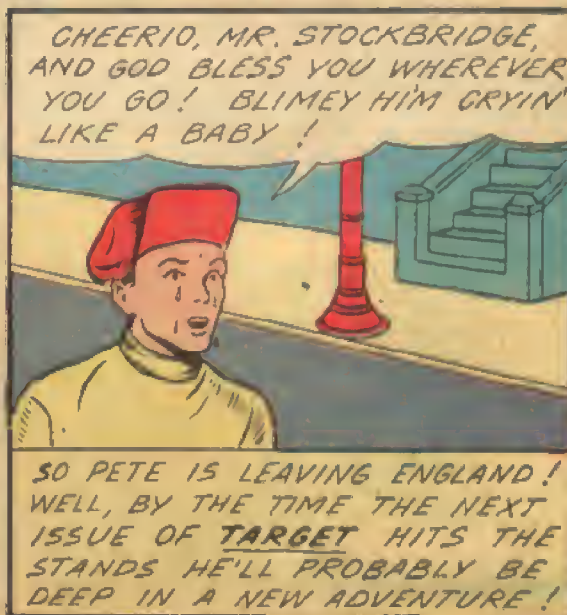
WE CAME AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, MR. STOCKBRIDGE!

YOU ALMOST ARRIVED TOO LATE--MY DISGUISE WAS NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM GUESSING!



WELL, 'SQUIRES-- THIS IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU! TOMORROW I HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK-- CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT OR WHERE!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING BACK TO-- TO GERMANY AND PLACES?



CHEERIO, MR. STOCKBRIDGE, AND GOD BLESS YOU WHEREVER YOU GO! BLIMEY HIM'S CRYIN' LIKE A BABY!

SO PETE IS LEAVING ENGLAND! WELL, BY THE TIME THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET HITS THE STANDS HE'LL PROBABLY BE DEEP IN A NEW ADVENTURE!



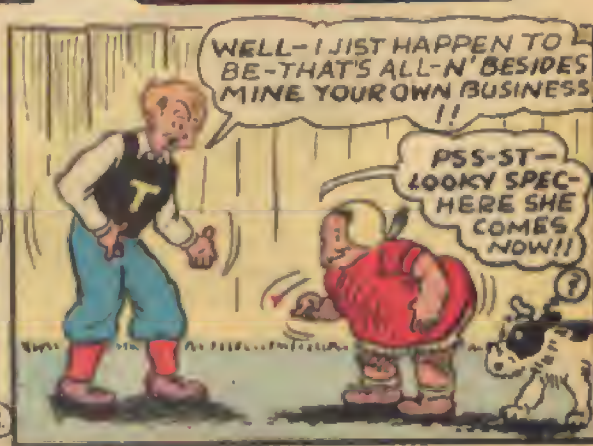
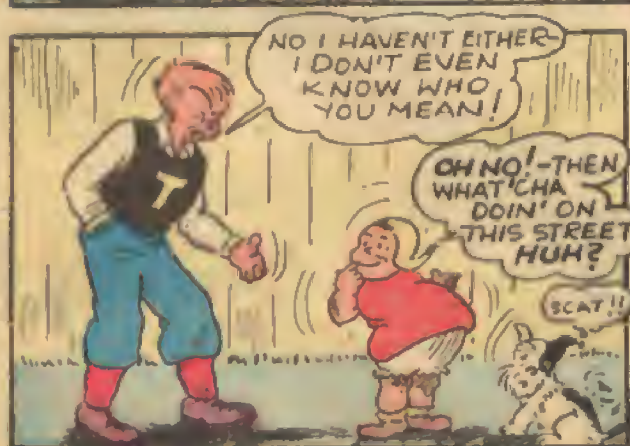
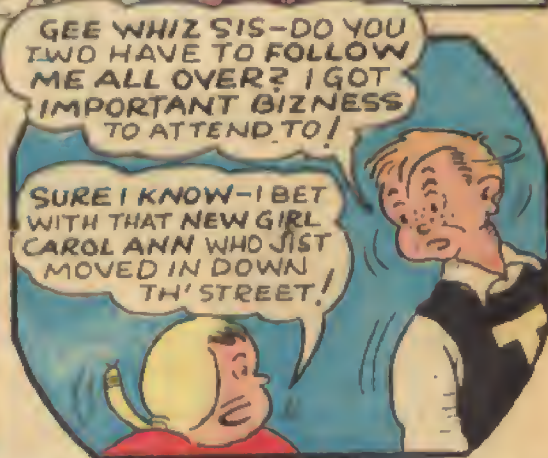
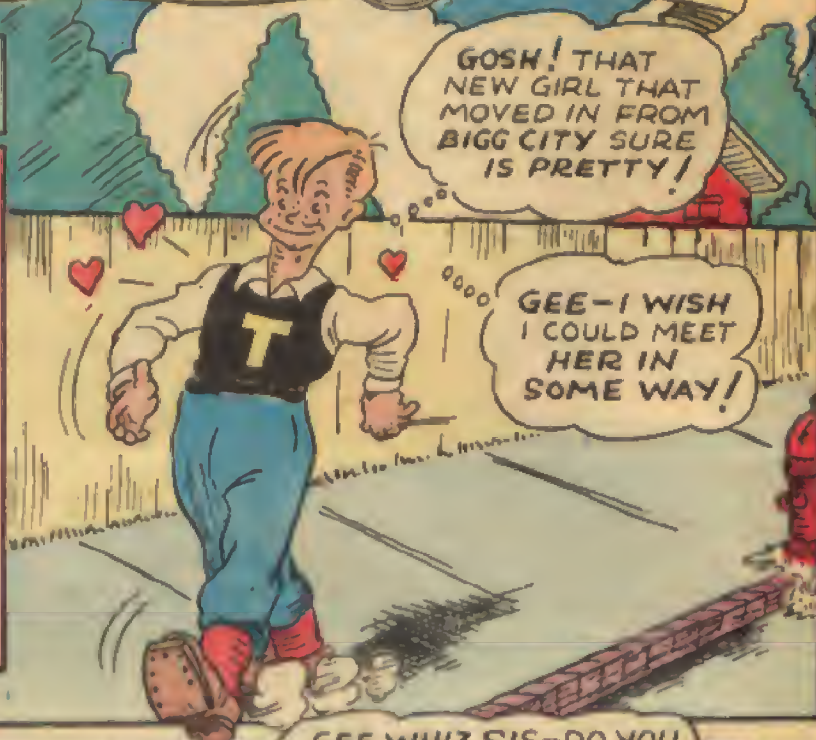
# SPECK SPOT and SIS.

by MILT HAMMER

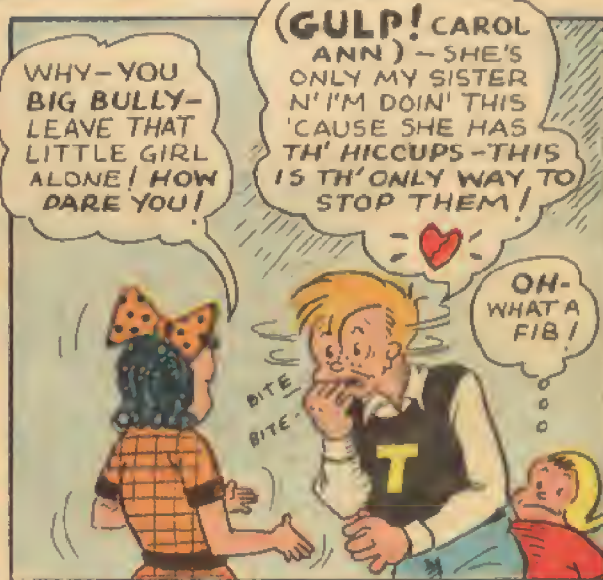
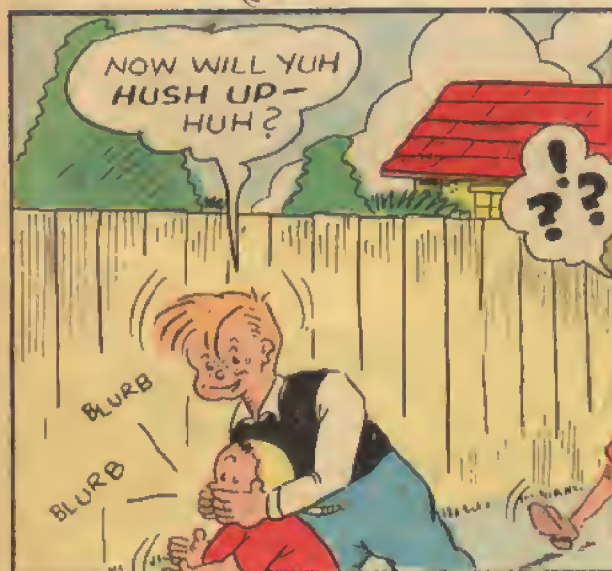
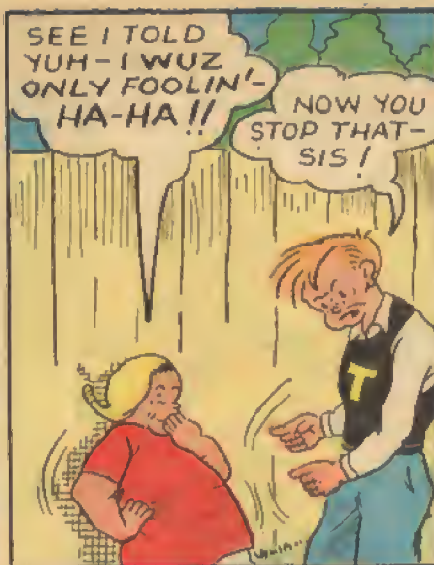
## SYNOPSIS..

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY OFTEN TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE-AND OUR HERO IS NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER AMERICAN BOY YOU MIGHT KNOW

V.I.O.T.-VICTORY IS OUR TARGET...









**W**ELL IT SURE  
LOOKS AS IF  
THAT OLD DEMON  
THE LOVE-BUG  
HAS REALLY  
BITTEN SPEC..



I GOTTA DO SUMPIN'  
TO GIT CAROL ANN'S  
ATTENTION-BUT HOW  
??

POOR  
SPEC!!

OH  
ME!  
(SIGH)

IDEA!

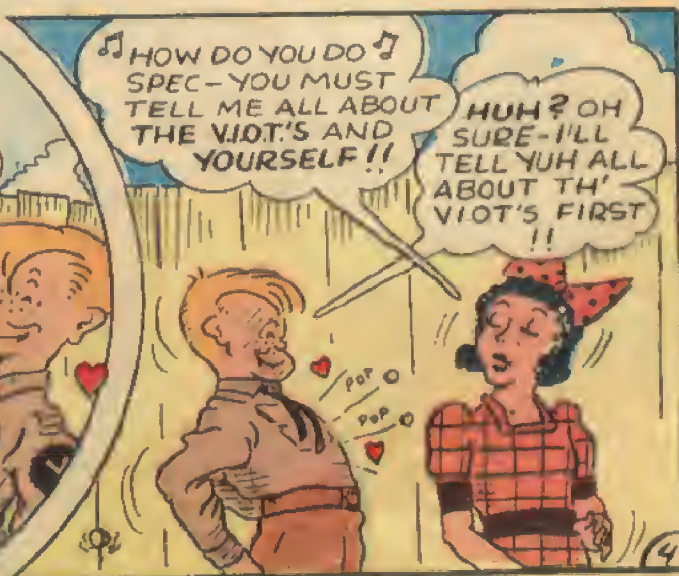
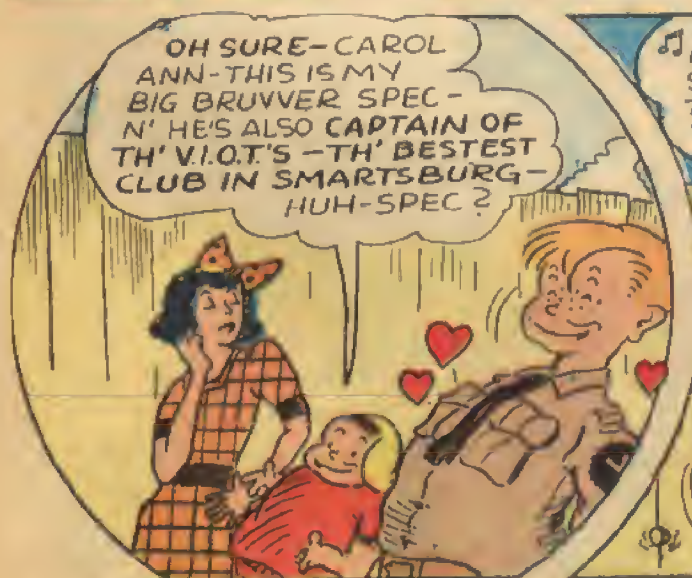
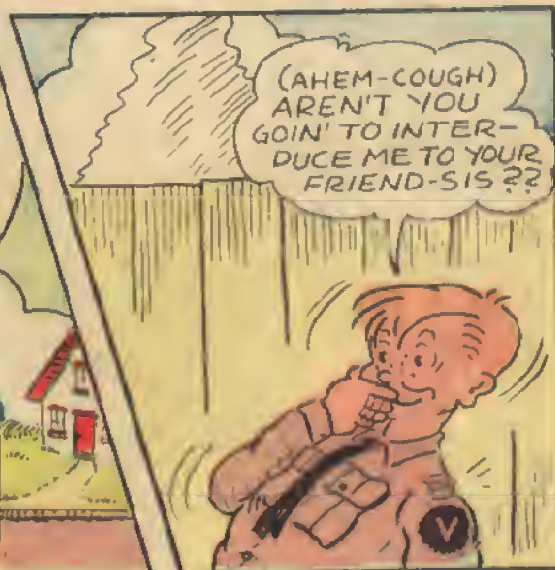
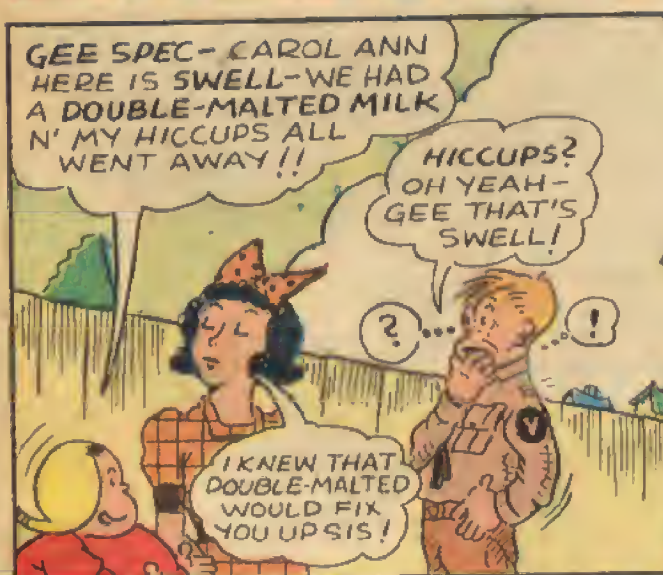
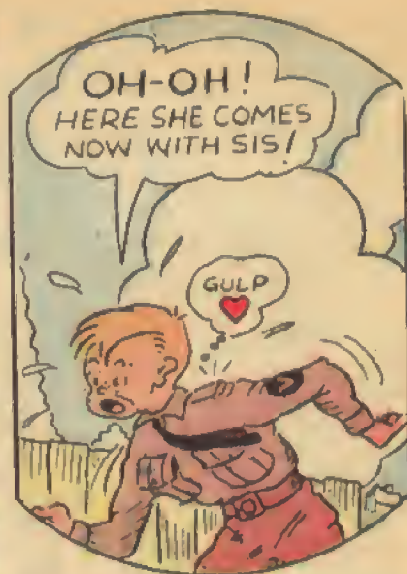
GEE I HOPE MOM HASN'T  
SENT IT TO THE CLEANERS  
YET-OH BOY

N' I THOUGHT  
I'D SPEND  
A QUIET  
AFTERNOON-  
(PUFF-PUFF)

AH- HERE IT  
IS! BOY- AM I  
LUCKY TO-DAY!!









WE V.I.O.T'S HELP SELL  
WAR BONDS N' STAMPS-  
GATHER WASTE PAPER  
N' FATS-RUN ERRANDS  
FER TH' RED CROSS N'  
OTHER CIVIC ORGANIZ-  
ATIONS -N' ETC.!!!

THAS  
RIGHT  
!!!

MUCH LATER

NOW WHY DID I  
EVER GIT THOSE TWO  
STARTED? THIS  
KIN GO ON FER  
DAYS N' DAYS  
!!

HO  
HUM!  
(YAWN)

BLA  
BLA

BLA  
BLA

GEE WHIZ-SPEC-  
YOU MUST BE A  
VERY BUSY BOY-  
WITH SCHOOL-THE  
V.I.O.T'S-AND  
EVERYTHING!!

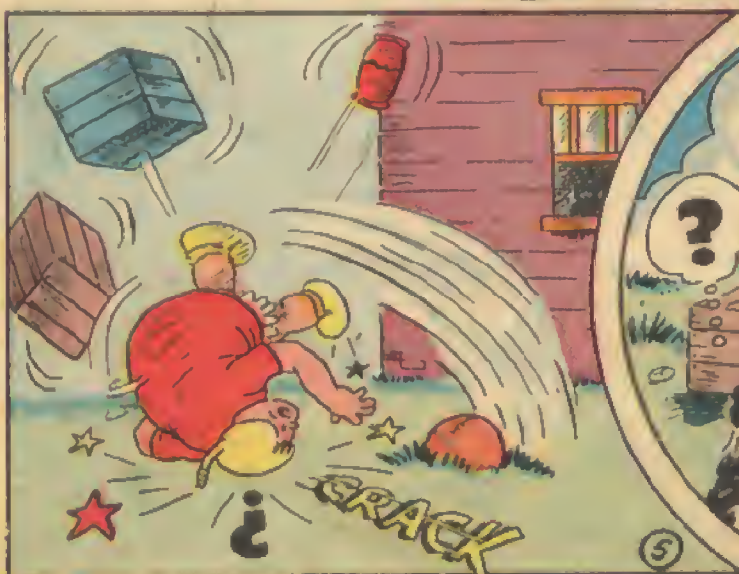
AW-IT'S  
NUTHIN' AT  
ALL-I LIKE  
TO BE  
KEPT BUSY  
ALL THE  
TIME!!

YOU DO? THAT'S FINE!  
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
HELP ME CLEAN THE  
CELLER-BEAT THE  
CARPETS AND RUN A  
FEW ERRANDS?-YOU  
SEE WE JUST MOVED  
HERE FROM BIGG CITY!

HUH? CELLER-  
RUGS-ERRANDS?  
OH SURE CAROL  
ANN-SIS  
COME HERE!

I KNEW I  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
INTRODUCED THOSE  
TWO-N'ME FILLED  
UP WITH A DOUBLE  
MALTED  
MILK!

LATER AT  
CAROL ANN'S



AIN'T LOVE  
GRAND-PHOOIE-  
I AIN'T EVER  
GOIN' TO FALL  
IN LOVE-I  
BETCHA!!!

?

5



# TAKE YOUR PICK!



## BOYS

### EARN THESE PRIZES AND MAKE MONEY TOO

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is packed from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer, just write to

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 20  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio.

**YOU** can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy! Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass. Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

Mr. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 20  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) Postal Unit No.

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(\*) If your city is so divided



# in 15 minutes-PLAY this CLARINET Harmonet



with this amazing offer! Act at once and get in on this amazing offer. You who have always dreamed to play the clarinet will get hours and hours of fun and unusual entertainment out of this CLARINET HARMONET. Get yours now and get the full benefit of the exceptional FREE OFFER made for a limited time only. With this sensational offer, you only pay for the CLARINET HARMONET and we include many other features FREE. If you have ever heard the Kings of Jazz up in front of their bands playing the hottest and sweetest music in the world on their clarinets—if you have enjoyed the magic of their notes, then this offer is made to help you. Read on and learn all about this offer.

## A REAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT YOU PLAY DURING THE VERY FIRST LESSON!



The amazing part of the CLARINET HARMONET is that it is a genuine musical instrument... yet, you can play it during the very first lesson even if you have had no previous musical knowledge. More surprising is the fun and popularity that will follow you when you play this CLARINET HARMONET. You will be sought everywhere and gain friends. You will find this musical instrument a tonic for happiness, a companion to while away time that now seems to hang heavy when you are alone. You'll play real music—real songs and you will play by ear or from notes. The CLARINET HARMONET is actually played and not hummed through, but it is so easy to master, you will be astonished. When you've mastered this instrument, you've learned the basic fingering of the Saxophone, Clarinet and Flute.

SO easy to  
play well!

## JUST REMEMBER THE TWO WORDS "BAG" AND "FED"

—THAT EASY. Sounds simple, doesn't it? and it is! We have worked out a course of instructions so simple that even if you never could read a note of music before you will play the CLARINET HARMONET correctly from music. With this copyrighted feature you just remember two simple words, which are "BAG" and "FED". If you know the alphabet from A to Z, or can count from 1 to 7, and we are sure you do, you can play the CLARINET HARMONET. You master the fingering of the notes by a simplified number system. Before you know it, your CLARINET HARMONET produces true-to-life musical notes—all sharps and flats are playable so as to bring out professional-like musical moods. Thousands of songs, including favorite popular or instrumental pieces can be played easily and quickly by following the simple fast-moving instructions. You begin your first lesson by playing the PATRIOTIC song "America" and after a few moments of learning the fingering you can go on from there playing any popular piece. We also show you how to mark songs for easy CLARINET HARMONET playing. Everything is included, it's light and portable. There is nothing else to buy but ACT AT ONCE because this offer is LIMITED.

You can compare the HARMONET to the EAST... the NATIONAL... the FUN.

Why spend money elsewhere when the HARMONET?

The HARMONET is played with a 1/2" and 1/4" of the range.

The HARMONET sounds with a sound just like that of the clarinet and saxophone.

The HARMONET is a strong device between the fingers to make the fingers in holding and covering the holes.

The HARMONET has an 11 keys and every sound on the 11 keys is produced with a 1/2" of the range.

The HARMONET is made with a 1/2" of the range to make the fingering more in the palm.

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## ALL OF THIS INCLUDED—ONLY

**\$198**

Now you will find listed all that is included with this amazing musical instrument.

No. 1—You get a copyrighted CLARINET HARMONET.

No. 2—In addition you also receive a full instruction course. This course is written in easy-to-understand language. It is fast-moving and not in the least bit complicated. It helps you to play quickly and correctly in a professional-like manner.

No. 3—We also include 6 popular songs which will be played by our arrangeur for instant CLARINET HARMONET playing. These songs will be 30 cents a copy. Making the 6 of them total a value of \$1.80. All in all, we are giving you over \$1.80 worth of the bargain price of \$1.80 plus postage but you must ACT AT ONCE because this offer may be withdrawn.

## 5 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You don't risk a single cent... no indeed! We are positive you will be satisfied. We are confident you will never part with this CLARINET HARMONET for double the price. Order yours today and try it for 5 days and if you are not 100% delighted but we are sure you will be return it and we will refund you \$1.98 at once.

Send no money!

Sign your name and address to coupon and rush it to us. Give the postman \$1.98 plus postage upon delivery or send \$1.98 now and we pay postage. ACT AT ONCE.

Popular Music League, Dept. 503

Box 214

Rockville Centre, Long Island, N. Y.

Send me at once COD CLARINET HARMONET along with instructions and 6 popular songs. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied after five days trial, I will return for refund.

I am enclosing \$2.98 in full payment, same guarantee.

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ADDRESS

CITY

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NOTE: If you reside outside of U.S.A. please send \$7.75 in American funds with order.

Rush coupon now!